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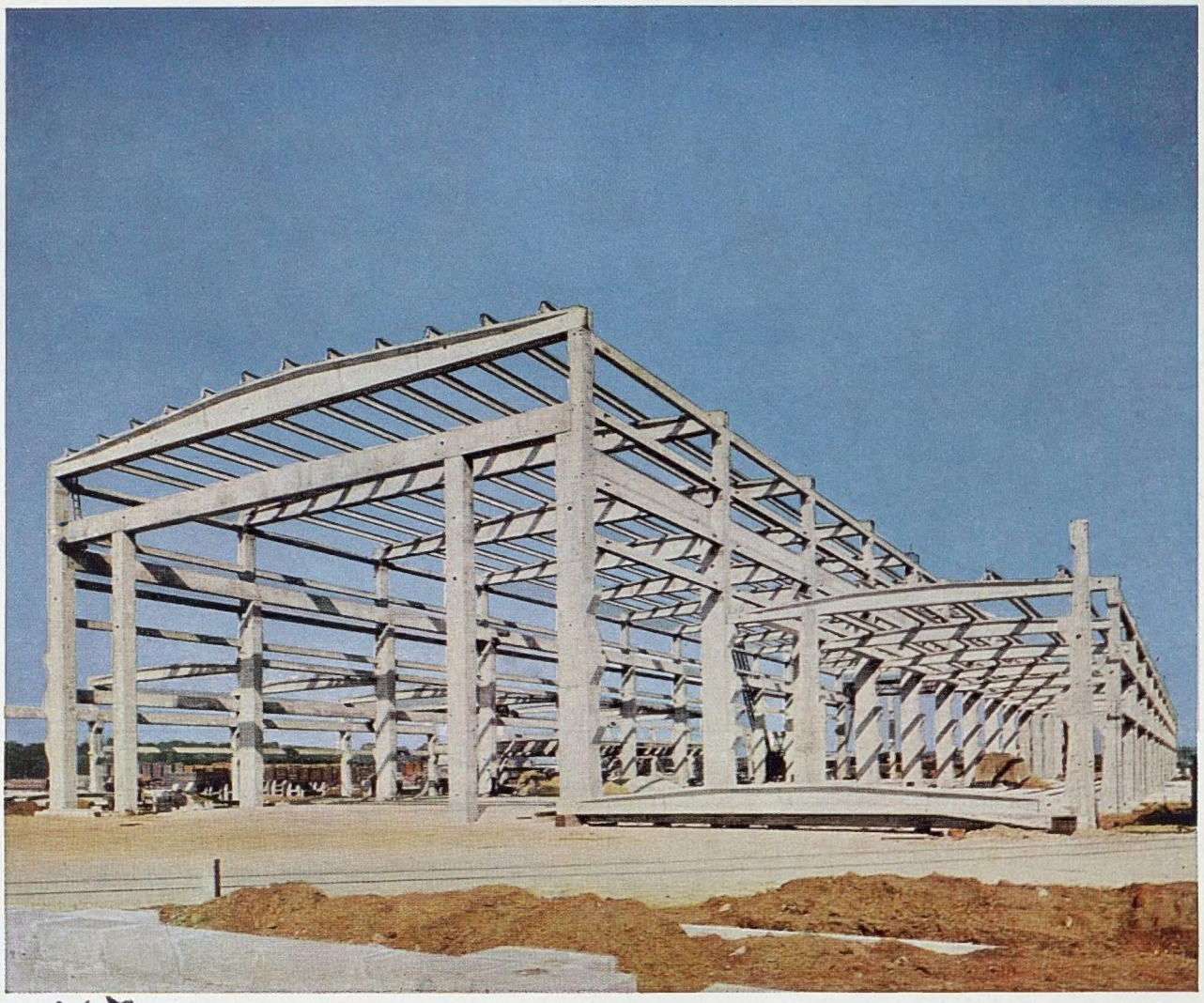

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Ralph Waldo Emerson
(from "The Problem," published in 1847)

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CHAMPION OF THE 24-HOUR DAY

MR. G. H. COPE, *Resident clerk*, P & O *Steam Navigation Company*

AT 5.30 sharp most people go home—but not Mr. Cope. He clears his desk-top and collects his briefing for the night's vigil, three floors above the pavement in the City of London. Necessary ? Absolutely—from six at night to nine in the morning Mr. Cope is the sole human link between home and the ships that pass in the night. His phone rings. His teleprinter chatters. If routine work is completed by ten o'clock he can go to bed. But he sleeps with both ears open. A ship leaves port to ride out a typhoon in the China Sea—Mr. Cope is the first to know. Another ship stands-by to accept a sick person from a small tanker—the 'phone by the bed brings the news.

At six in the morning Mr. Cope is up again putting the night's business in order. At 9.30 sharp he is back at his desk. Exacting work Mr. Cope ? Of course, but you are a Resident Clerk in the P & O Company, with extra holidays and pay. You know that without men like yourself we couldn't sail our ships—and P & O ships are a Commonwealth lifeline.

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for a delicious tour of France–in Britain!

Without even leaving the table, you can have much of the joy of a tour through France, land of sunshine and good living! Get your wine merchant's advice. *He'll* tell you that wine really means France, and France means a whole series of glorious wines—a choice for every taste and every mood. Every pocket, too: prices range from about 6/6 a bottle. Here's a brief reminder:

ALSACE
On the French side of the Rhine, Alsace produces many fine white wines. The dry Riesling, the robust Traminer, the elegant pale-green Sylvaner, the full, medium Muscat —all are crisp, clean, fresh and fragrant.

BORDEAUX
The pure and fragrant red Bordeaux (Claret to us) include Médoc, St. Emilion, Pomerol, and many others. Of the excellent white wines, Graves is on the dry side, Sauternes richer and sweeter. From honest *ordinaires* to superb château wines, Bordeaux offer fine value at every price.

BURGUNDY
Rich and full-bodied, the red Burgundies—Beaune, Nuits, Mâcon, Beaujolais, and many others — are perfect with roasts and grills. White Burgundies include fresh, dry Chablis and Pouilly Fuissé, golden Montrachet and Meursault.

CHAMPAGNE
The wine districts of Epernay, Rheims and Ay are consecrated to the production of a French miracle—Champagne, sparkling wine of sparkling gaiety! Champagne is the perfect drink for any festive occasion, and can be enjoyed from hors-d'œuvre to dessert.

LANGUEDOC/PROVENCE, ROUSSILLON AND ALGERIA
The sun-baked south of France, between Atlantic and Mediterranean, produces delicious wines—red, white and *rosé*—famous locally but less known abroad. These wines, and those of Algeria, are modestly priced and excellent value.

RHONE
Much the best-known of the Côtes du Rhône wines is the glorious Châteauneuf du Pape from near Avignon. But there are many other favourites—such as Hermitage, Côte-Rôtie, and Tavel *rosé*.

TOURAINE/ANJOU
From the valleys of the Loire and the Cher come the fresh and ever-refreshing Rosé d'Anjou; delicate Vouvray, both still and sparkling; fruity Saumur; and Muscadet, with its distinctive fragrance.

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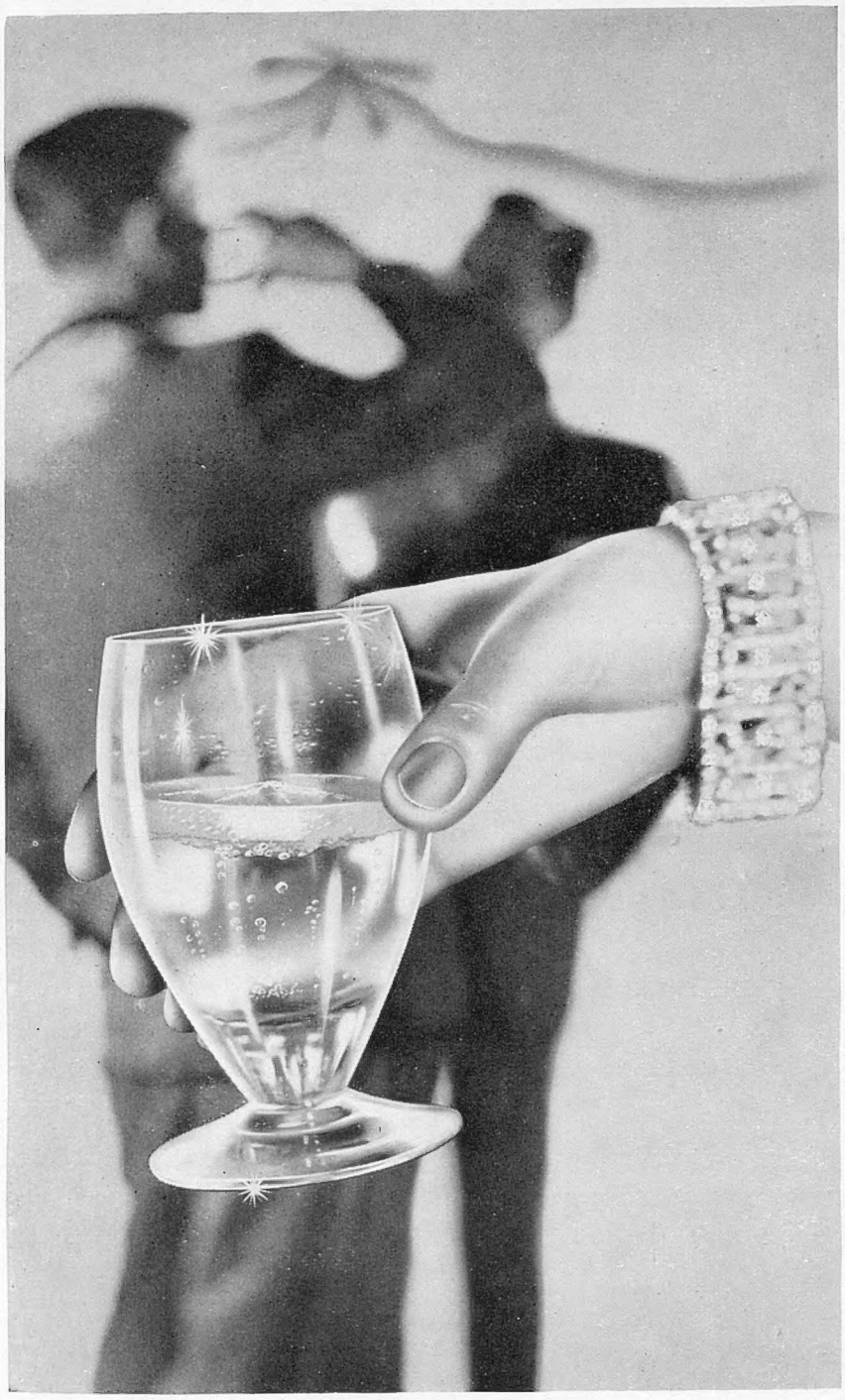

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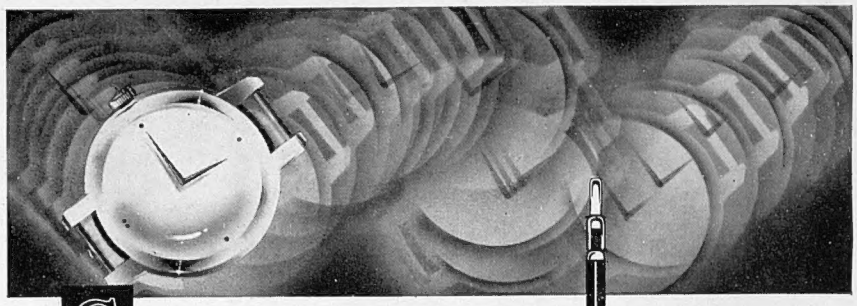

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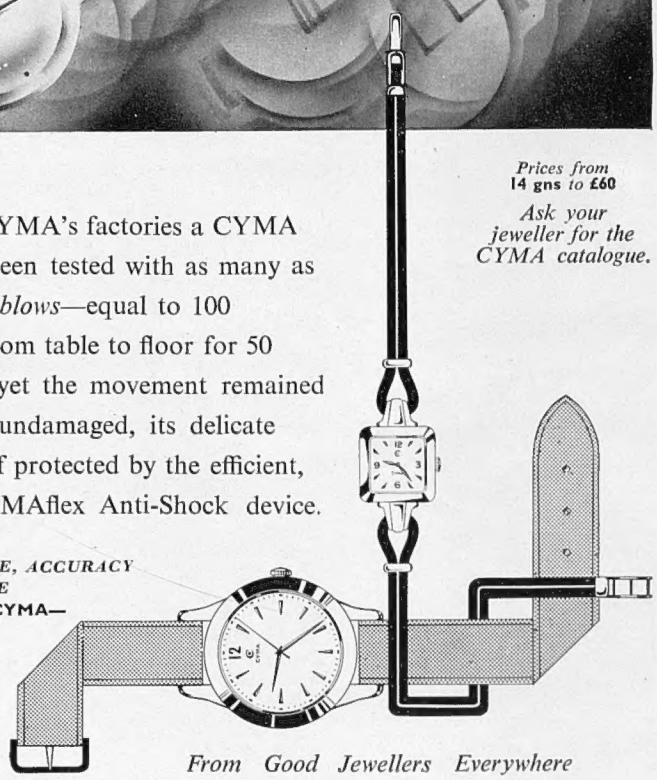

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Contains 3 balls to each cracker.
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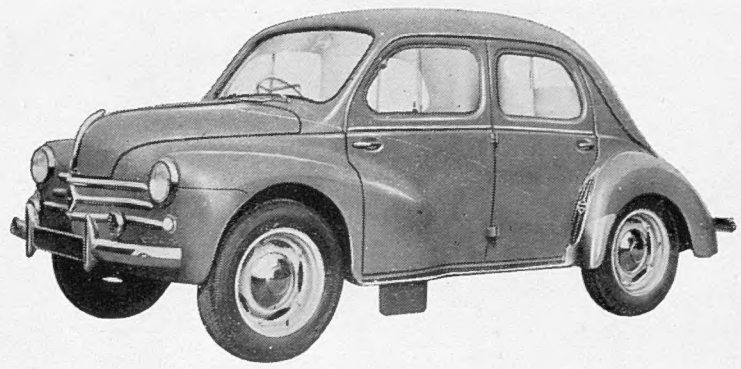

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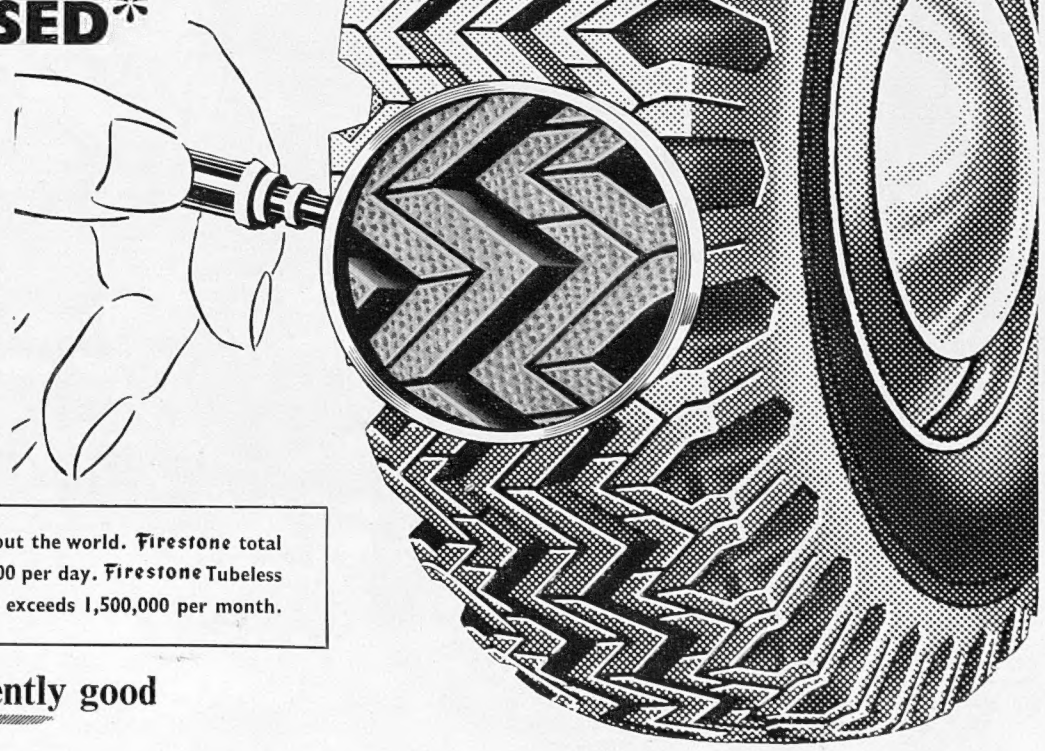

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Volume CCXXIII No. 2911 The SPHERE, London, November 26, 1955

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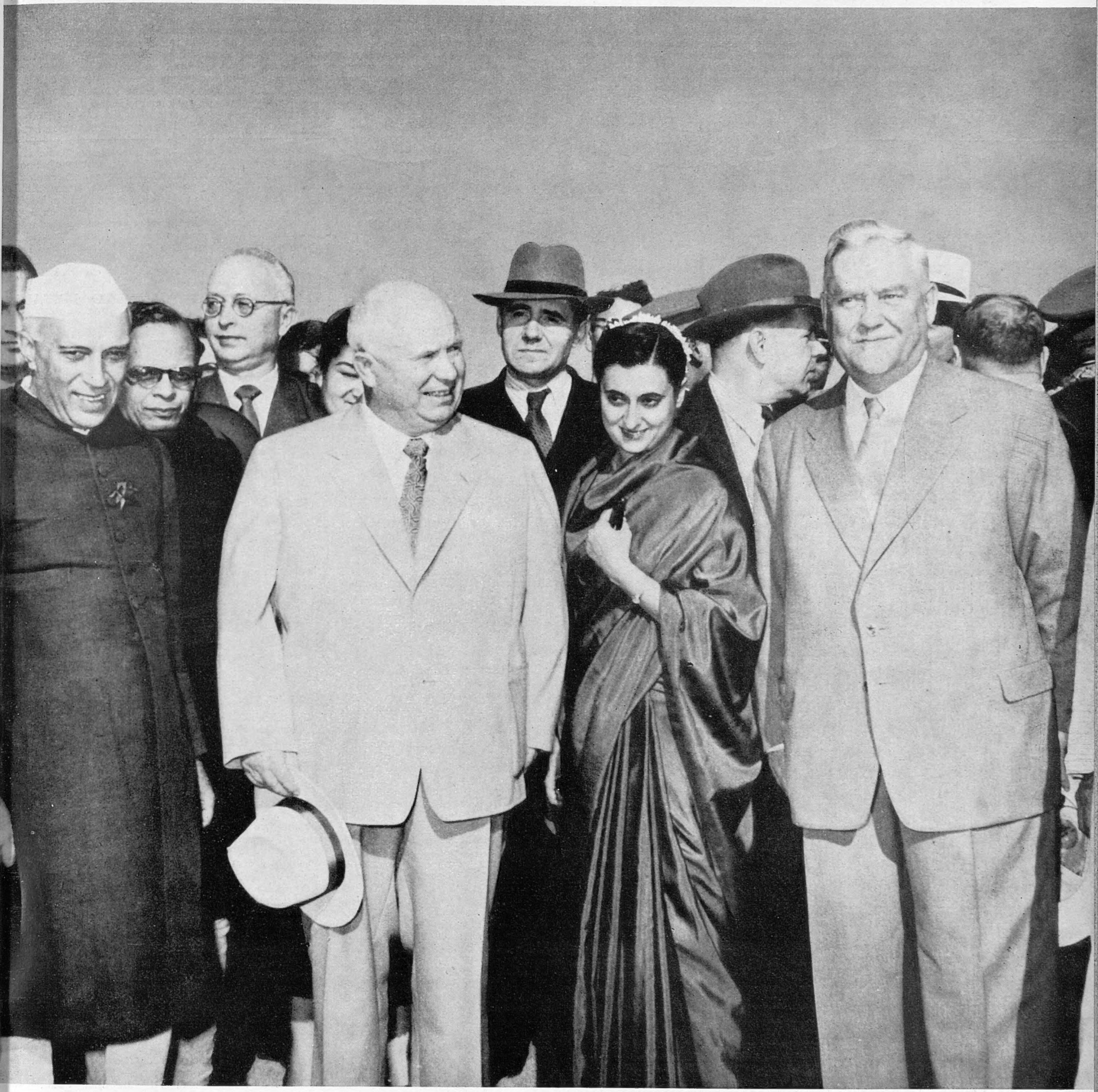

THE WOOING OF INDIA—RUSSIA'S LEADERS ARE GREETED IN DELHI AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL ON A HISTORIC VISIT: In this group at Palam Airport are, from left, Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister; Mr. Khrushchev, Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party; Mr. Gromyko, Russian deputy Foreign Minister; Mrs. Indira Gandhi, Mr. Nehru's daughter; and Marshal Bulganin, the Soviet Premier. The Soviet visitors were soon bedecked with garlands of roses and chrysanthemums.

Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev have not exactly been prodigal with the time they have devoted to visits to foreign countries, and it is not without significance that a visit to India should receive such priority. It is understood that, before the arrival of his distinguished guests last week, Mr. Nehru was anxious lest the welcome of the people of Delhi did not match the enthusiasm with which he had been received in Moscow last June. As it turned out, huge crowds along the twelve-mile route from the airport to the Presidential Palace cheered themselves hoarse as the Soviet visitors swept past in their vehicle. In Delhi itself the largest crowds seen in the city since the declaration of independence in 1947 swarmed in the streets to catch a glimpse of Mr. Bulganin (as he has asked to be known in India) and Mr. Khrushchev. This initial response to their wooing must have been gratifying. So far the Communists in India have been disliked and treated with suspicion: now they are likely to become respectable. It may be that Mr. Nehru will be more troubled by the enthusiasm which Indians show for the Soviet leaders than any lack of hospitality he may have feared.

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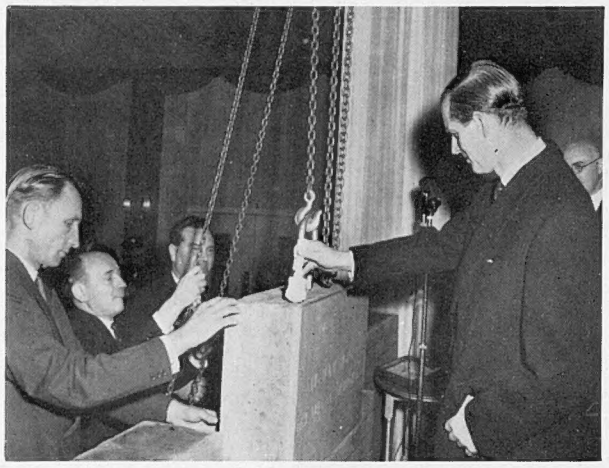
NEW BUILDINGS IN LONDON



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LAYS THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE WAR MEMORIAL BUILDING TO MARINE ENGINEERS : His Royal Highness places the stone in the foundations of the new headquarters of the Institute of Marine Engineers in the City of London. The building will be a memorial to the 3,458 marine engineers who lost their lives in the war. Speaking at the ceremony, the Duke referred to the enormous contribution to national prosperity made by marine engineers. The Institute's headquarters will contain a memorial hall and a library.

THE NEW JEWS' COLLEGE : Mr. A. A. Mocatta, Q.C., the chairman of the College, lays the foundation-stone for the new building in Montagu Square, London, W.1. The ceremony coincided with the centenary of the College, which was celebrated on the same day. On the foundation-stone is carved the text, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge." In 100 years the College has occupied four homes. The new building will be the first specifically designed for the College. An appeal has been made for £250,000 to meet the cost.

EXTENSIONS TO THE NATIONAL LEATHERSELLERS' COLLEGE : Mr. J. P. Danby, the Principal, shows Sir David Eccles, the Minister of Education, some of the apparatus for the use of students in the new extensions to the College. They had just been declared open by Sir David in Tower Bridge Road, South-east London. The extensions include a modern tannery, a teaching laboratory and technical and research laboratories.

YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT PROBLEM ?

There can be no better Christmas present than a subscription to THE SPHERE—*a reminder of your generosity every week in the year. A greetings card will be sent at your request to notify the recipient of the gift at Christmas-time. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*; £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*; £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage. For a smaller gift, the Christmas Number alone, with its many pages in full colour, can be sent for* 3*s.* 10*d. post free, anywhere. Orders may be placed at your usual newsagent or bookstall or (together with remittance) sent direct to the Publisher (Dept. SX),* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2.

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

"Status Quo."—No formula or phrases can paper over the fact that East and West are as far apart as ever, the Iron Curtain still solid; the Geneva spirit lit a flash in the pan or, at the best, was a refined brand which excluded a few crudities of speech at conference tables but cannot turn the wheels of progress to better relations and settlement in any field. All three items on the agenda, on which high hopes were raised after the first conference and infinite trouble was taken between the two conferences, were hopelessly bogged down by Mr. Molotov, and once more we know where we are with Russia and, above all, the value they set on keeping East Germany in the red. It must be a shattering blow to the Premier and Foreign Secretary, to Mr. Dulles and M. Pinay. The Russian soft-soap at Geneva induced an almost childish optimism among Western statesmen. It was laid on the garden path and great was the fall of the optimists who walked down it. And now Mr. Macmillan has flown off to Bagdad on another leg of a modern Foreign Secretary's airborne and roving commission—a new-style flying Dutchman. The old, cold war is on and we must look to our defences—in which the H-bomb as a last resort is a first priority. Not for the first time Western statesmen scratched a Russian and found a Tartar under the veneer.

Home Guard and German Rearmament.—We are nuts at finding apt dates for our announcements and ceremonials, and it was in line with our genius that the same week-end which featured the re-birth of West German military force forecast the coming disbandment of the Home Guard. Of course, t is only a superficial inconsistency. The L.D.V. (later Home Guard) was created to resist German military aggression. It was not called on to resist invasion, mercifully since it came to be trained more on regular than guerilla lines, and its weapons were much too complicated and multiple for serious efficiency in any branch. The cadre which remained till now was not very costly and I should say not very valuable. The enthusiasts of the old Home Guard will, no doubt, find a useful bolt hole in the T.A. But even if the German Army to-day numbers under 100 and the Home Guard costs the nation only £600,000 a year, the stimulating coincidence of re-birth and extinction is just worth recording. Even a German Army of 100 officers and men is quite enough to inspire fear and revive memories. *We* easily forget. France does not; and Russia, too, has a memory of jackboots which does not die. We haven't been invaded. We say, of course, this German token force is no hydra-headed monster raising its top-knot on the horizon. It is good Dr. Adenauer helping N.A.T.O. with a gesture from the democratic, peace- and freedom-loving West. The French look further to a (one-day) united Germany which might both go red and see red; and the Russians have no love for gestures which encourage N.A.T.O. So there it is. The body which came into being to resist the jackboot is buried on the day the jackboot is laced on again.

Disestablishment.—The canons still thunder from the pulpit, as no doubt they are entitled to do on matters very much within their province. From St. Paul's came one more cry for disestablishment of the Church and its liberation from the limitations of State control. The plea was based on three grounds, and mercifully mainly on two :—the Prime Minister's prerogative of recommending bishops over the head of the Church, and the rejection of the revised prayer-book three decades back by the votes of "atheists and non-conformists." There might one day be an atheist Prime Minister, and any day some matter of vital concern to the Church might be roughly treated in a Parliament in which churchmen were outnumbered. But I expect it is a cry in the wilderness. At the moment the Premier is considered *sound*, and no religious controversy is on the immediate agenda of Parliament. Let it simmer. The new German Army is not dangerous yet. The most dangerous of the smaller armies to-day appear to be in South America, perhaps because they are more interested in politics in Argentina and Brazil than in military training, and are setting up and deposing Presidents at the rate of one a week. Ideally, no doubt, we should all get on better if every cobbler stuck to his last, if the parson avoided politics, the soldier drilled and the statesman sat at his desk in his capital and emptied his in-file. Even Archbishop Makarios could make a full-time job of teaching restraint and discipline among his younger flock. But it is the day of the Jack-of-all-trades, and since nobody can do his own job very well, it is every man's duty to assist him when he takes wing to other fields.

Honours and Awards.—I have been reading with amusement and profit a *Daily Mirror* Spotlight pamphlet with the above title. It certainly suggests that we have become a much decorated people, but we are not alone in that curiously uneven method of ensuing equality and democracy. In France the Legion of Honour, originally restricted to 2,000, is now available to 250,000, and America and even Russia are beginning to put patchwork quilts on worthy breasts. Apart from hereditary titles, about which I have said much and will to-day say no more, the weakness of our present system is that it *is* a patchwork, an attempt to superimpose on worn-out foundations a more democratic structure. Still as of old the top-ranking officers of the Services and Civil Service (the men who pulled the chestnuts out of the fire for Governments) get, as a matter of routine and normal promotion, the chief grades in too many of the orders (there are a score), and the chests of moderate generals excite ridicule rather than veneration in days when every civilian must help to pull those chestnuts out of the fire of war. Some criticise the half-yearly honours lists as dull and unimaginative; some say they are far too large; some, naturally, complain that they are rather too short. There is no solution to a Prime Minister's worst headache except by scrapping the lot and building on new foundations under new conditions. That we shall not do in the ascertainable future. We are too bound by tradition. It is probably true that well-meant efforts to "brighten" these bitterly contentious lists have earned as many hoots as bravas. Knighthoods have sometimes, of late, been quickly bestowed for picturesque and much publicised deeds, and have been given to cricketers, jockeys and other sportsmen. And that has revived the parable of the labourers in the vineyard—give every man a penny and a penny ceases to content *all* the recipients. In this era of muddle-headed democracy, when we cannot make up our minds to build democracy on real foundations but continue to argue about the comparative importance of a hundred fields of endeavour in national life, from scientific invention to ping-pong, from new medical cures to cricket, there are perhaps two or three temporary reforms which might be gradually carried out to relieve the headaches of the Sovereign and her chief Ministers. We might drop, except for supermen (of whom we throw out about twelve every century),

TITO'S DEPUTY COMES TO BRITAIN

THE YUGOSLAV VICE-PRESIDENT ARRIVES IN LONDON : Mr. Kardelj is at Victoria Station at the start of his five-day visit to London as the guest of the Government. Among his engagements he was received by the Queen at Buckingham Palace and saw Sir Anthony Eden for a discussion on the Middle East situation. Mr. Kardelj also visited the Treasury and the Board of Trade for talks on improving economic relations.

the practice of bestowing several orders on a single man or woman. We could reserve one for the Civil Service, one for the fighting Services, and so on, and we might see to it that the Grand Crosses were never bestowed as a matter of mere routine promotion.

Ideally. . .—One other thing we might begin to tidy up—the seeding of the fields of usefulness in public service. For example, we could decide whether the probation officer is as deserving of recognition to-day as the jockey, the G.P. as the music-hall artist, the prison warder or mental hospital nurse as the mountain-climber. And, lastly, we might complete the good work begun after the sale of honours scandal and see to it that there is no back-stair approach through influential friends or shrewd self-advertisement to the Valhalla of ribbons and gongs. That back-stair still exists. But under Tory rule we shan't do much about it, and probably the great mass of the public prefers the 100 to 1 chance in an enormous list to an austerity divide for seeded players. No doubt Everyman's ideal Honours List would be small, to wit :—

ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE
Fifth Class, M.B.E.
Cuthbert Everyman, Esq. For political and public services

But even then Mr. Everyman would grouse that a higher class would have been more appropriate to his deserts.

"Invisible Imposts."—"Charge what you like, the public will pay," is the slogan of all Governments and all nationalised or monopoly undertakings, which merely charge up the rises to increased costs of

production, higher wages, strikes, and so on. Small wonder if the little businesses catch the idea. These are our invisible imposts ; there is no need to give any excuses ; raise your prices by 30 per cent. The public will always pay. There was that messy glue which sticks plastic tiles on bathroom walls. It sold at 3s. 6d. a tin, firm and glutinous. Now, if you need a repeat it costs you 5s. for an "improved," washy version. And can you think of any little trifle from bootlaces to bathsalts, pipe cleaners to pencils, from socks to string, library books to Christmas cards, that hasn't in the last year or so insidiously raised its price on you and joined in the great scramble to charm your money out of your pockets ; and all because so many millions haven't an idea of how to get rid of their surplus pay packets, which don't quite run to a car but can be dissipated by buying small trifles at fancy prices. Who could be expected to resist sharing in the harvest of the vicious spiral.

Sunday Newspapers.—I often observe irritation and disappointment among men in country houses when the Sunday newspapers fail to arrive punctually for breakfast. I confess that I am sometimes one of the disappointed. When the papers arrive, we fall upon them and very soon throw them aside with the comment that the respectable ones are duller than usual—not a word of news—and that the sensational contain, as usual, nothing but garbage from the courts. Yet we know that the latter kind entertain millions of readers and are spelt through from cover to cover in a time-honoured Sunday ritual, and that the former employ many highly-skilled writers at high fees to write on serious subjects. This Sunday newspaper habit is old and deep engrained in Britons, and perhaps significant of our national character. They keep many men from church and some from the pubs. We know that the leading "sensational" Sunday papers have for fifty years at least made a very good living out of filth from the courts—"Clergyman's Downfall," "Grave Charge Against Scoutmaster," and so on—and they were a little more "unpleasant" in the reign of Edward VII than they are to-day. The law has at various times tried to clip their wings, even while Premiers have recommended their proprietors for peerages. When therefore established Sunday papers change hands, as of late several have done, it is to be expected that they will not grow more sober and respectable, but are likely to be "improved" in the only way in which their circulations can be increased—the well-proved expedient of trading on human frailty and on the *nostalgie de la boue* of the millions. All honour, then, to those who spend so much money and care in producing respectable Sunday papers and to those who buy and read them with the comments "As dull as usual," "not a word of news."

"Ex Tenebris Lux."—I suppose Eton High Street enjoys the distinction of the worst national traffic bottleneck outside London. In the height of summer it probably beats all rivals. And it is ill-lit also. The golden lads and pram passengers who frequent it live dangerously indeed. It is part of their education for a dangerous existence. And now the Fine Arts Commission is considering two schemes to improve the lighting from Slough to Windsor Bridge, offering either wall brackets holding fluorescent strips or 25-ft.-high steel standards on the pavements. The College, which owns most of the walls, won't have the brackets and the public and pram-pushers won't have the standards, and you can't blame them if ever you have tried to walk down Eton High keeping on the pavement and alive, during the half. No doubt, there will be a compromise and the bottleneck will be lit. But I wonder if there is any other country in the world, civilised or not, which would for ever wring its hands and admit defeat over the project of an alternative route and bridge between Windsor Park and Slough. Or, for that matter, so long have left Oxford where she is as a traffic problem.

Angel Faces.—I don't, it is true, "know much about art" : I don't always "know what I like," but, as a general rule, religious pictures and sculpture from the earliest periods are not among my favourite interests. Religion, no doubt, is the fount and inspiration of art, and the Portuguese exhibition is largely devoted to religious subjects. In the charm and humour and humanity of their Madonnas and angel faces, the sculptors of Portugal in no century yield to those of other nations. I could have enjoyed those little faces for hours on end, for they seemed like singing birds and fresh spring flowers encountered in a dark and sombre cemetery of tombs and crucifixes. One might profitably spend a day over that pictorial *Canterbury Tales*, Goncalves' polyptych which presents in vivid reality all the fifteenth-century types and social grades of Portugal. In furniture and coachwork, too, their craftsmen were among the greatest.

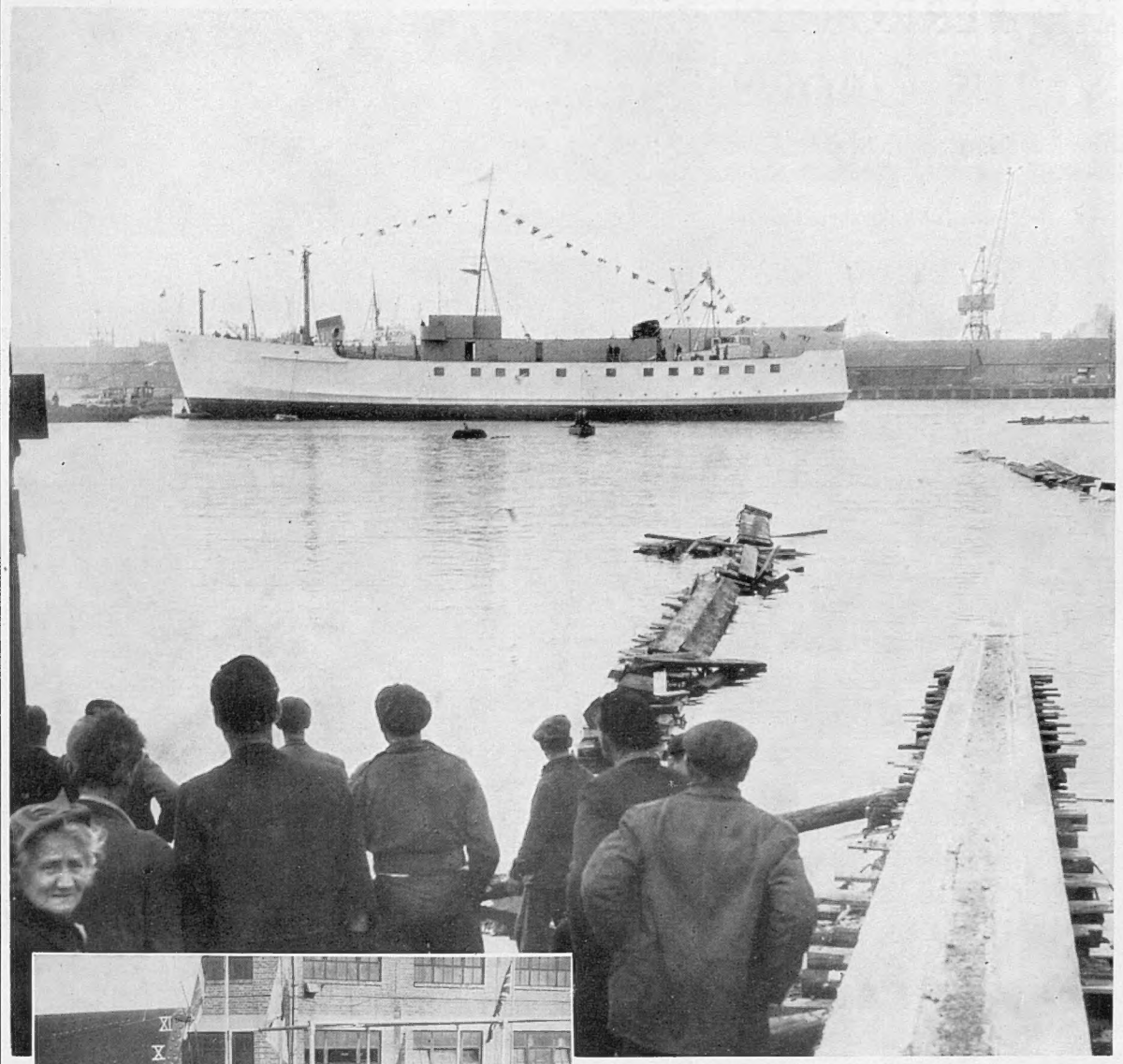
THE OLD STAGER

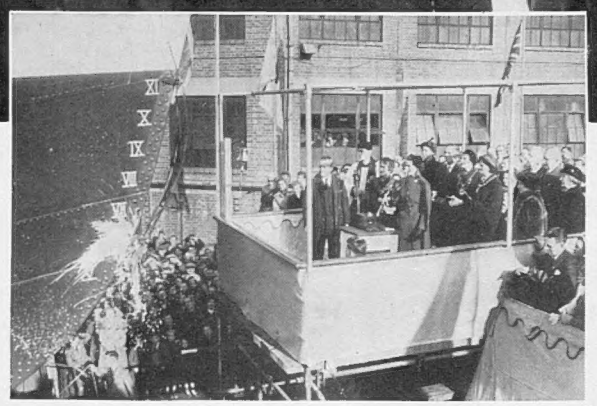
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

ROPEWAYS AND CABLEWAYS

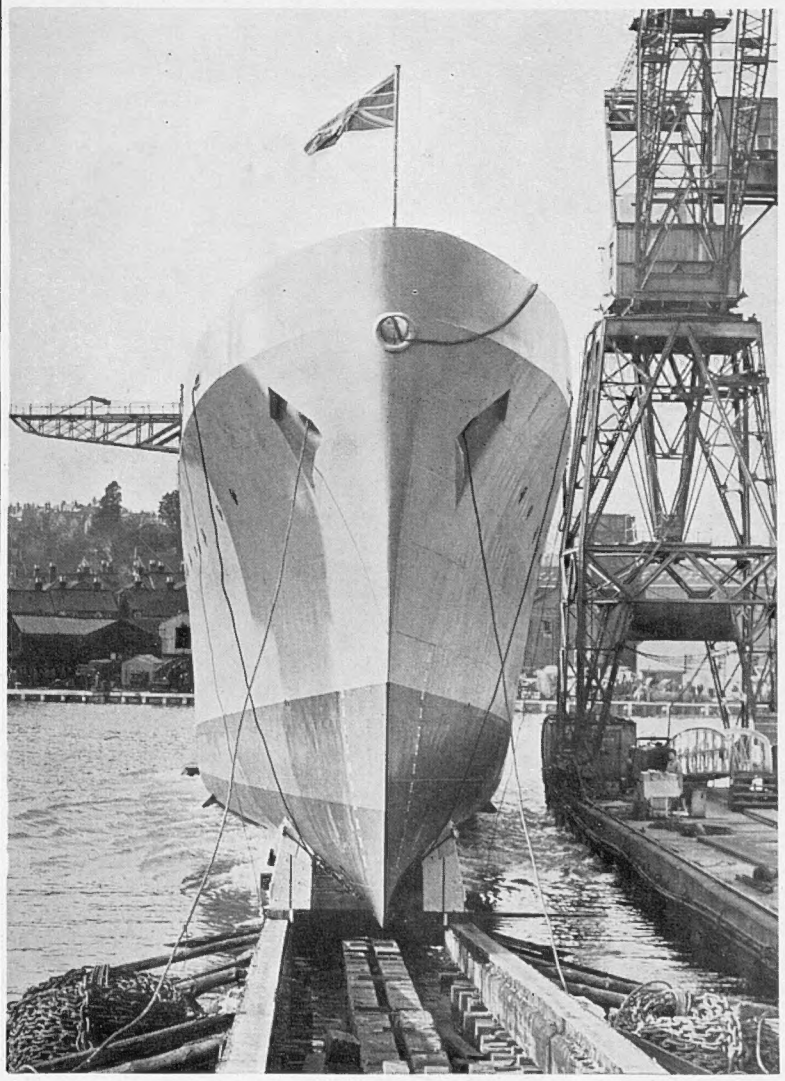
An Economical Form of Transport which can Overcome the Problems of Terrain and Climate

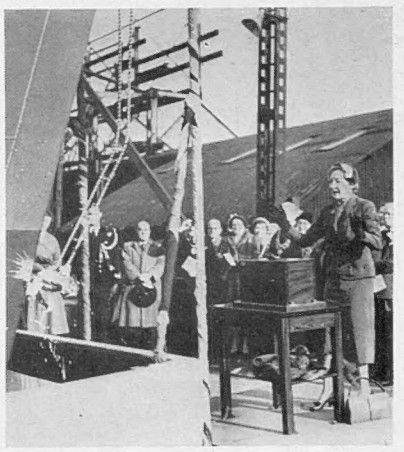
LAUNCHINGS AT SOUTHAMPTON AND EAST COWES





A NEW SHIP IS LAUNCHED FOR THE SCILLY ISLES TRADE : The *Scillonian* is seen in the water at Southampton after her launching by the Duchess of Gloucester (*inset on left*) from the Woolston yard of John Thornycroft. She is a motor cargo-and-passenger vessel, and has been built for the Isles of Scilly Steamship Co. Ltd., to replace the vessel of the same name which has been in service for thirty years between the isles of Scilly and Penzance. Like her namesake she will be used to carry the big flower and potato crops and for the transportation of holidaymakers to the islands. She has two large holds and accommodation for 500 passengers.





THE MOMENT OF LAUNCHING OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEW ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATE "EXMOUTH" : Lady Creasy, wife of Admiral Sir George E. Creasy, Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, launches H.M.S. *Exmouth* with the traditional bottle of champagne. The ship has been built by J. S. White and Co. Ltd., East Cowes, Isle of Wight.

On left—

H.M.S. "EXMOUTH" TAKES THE WATER : She has a length of 310 ft. and a beam of 33 ft. Her geared steam turbines of advanced design have been made by the builders. The armament of H.M.S. *Exmouth* will include three Bofors guns and two three-barrelled anti-submarine mortars, which will be of the same design as those fitted in H.M.S. *Rocket* and other anti-submarine frigates. Each mortar can fire a pattern of large projectiles with great accuracy, and they can be set to explode at a predetermined depth. These weapons can be trained over a wider arc than previous types of anti-submarine mortars.

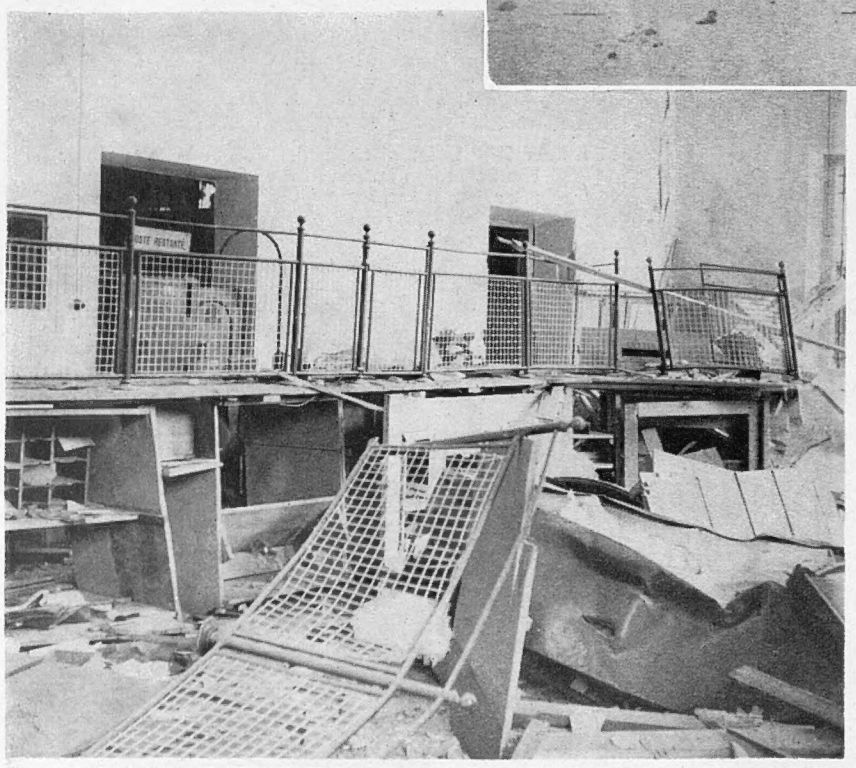
THE TERROR IN CYPRUS GROWS

Outrages and Explosions Become More Widespread over the Troubled Island

At the beginning of this week, the tempo of terrorist activities in Cyprus seemed to be reaching a new and alarming speed. Within two or three days explosions had killed a British staff-sergeant near Nicosia and, in the capital itself, the main post office had been heavily damaged. Elsewhere troops had been called to deal with parties armed with automatic weapons and grenades. In Famagusta a running battle had been fought in the streets and gardens. There were also attacks on military camps and mining installations.

The N.C.O. who lost his life was Staff-Sergeant G. Cripps, R.A.S.C., of Pyecombe, Hassocks, in Sussex. He was in his mess at Kykko camp when a time-bomb went off outside. The bomb is presumed to have been attached to a bicycle standing outside the mess hut, probably it was placed in the saddle-bag. Into the post office at Nicosia the time bomb may have been introduced in a registered parcel just before the building was closing at midday last Saturday. It went off in the early evening, tore a large gap in the walls of the concrete building and scattered large blocks of masonry into the street.

These two outrages cannot be classed with the incidents, common up to now, of students throwing home-made explosives in jam pots. There is every indication that the operations against the sergeants' mess and the post office were planned with Commando-like precision. The mechanisms of both bombs must have been far from amateur. Indeed, all reports from the island stress the seriousness of the professionalism of these new incidents. It is clear that the underground Eoka organisation must be instructed by men of experience in military operations, with a sound knowledge of the making and handling of explosives. They are probably not natives of Cyprus.



THE DEBRIS IN THE POST OFFICE AT NICOSIA : Inside one of the floors wrecked by the time-bomb last week. The explosion was the biggest in the island since the outrage at the Cyprus Broadcasting Station last April, when the terrorists launched their campaign. There is abundant evidence that Eoka underground is now being directed by leaders of experience trained in planning terrorist attacks and in the handling of explosives.

AFTER A BOMB EXPLOSION IN NICOSIA : A large gap has been torn in the side of the main post office building in the capital of Cyprus. It is believed the time-bomb was handed in as a registered parcel just before the post office closed. Damage was done to three floors of the concrete building and the street outside strewn with debris for thirty yards.

On right—
THE SCENE OF THE DEATH OF A BRITISH SERGEANT : A corner of the sergeants' mess at Kykko camp shows some of the destruction from a time-bomb which killed a staff-sergeant and seriously wounded a warrant officer. Here terrorists are thought to have planned the outrage by leaving the bomb in the saddle-bag of a cycle which was standing near.

On right—
POLICE AND STUDENTS CLASH : This scene outside Nicosia college is typical of many throughout the island. Because of the violence of students and pupils, some schools and colleges have been closed by order of the Government. Youths have been taking a prominent part in demonstrations against the passing of the death sentence on a Cypriot for murdering a policeman.

THE STONY PATH TO PEACE

The Sultan of Morocco Returns to his Throne ; the Premier of Persia is Wounded by an Assailant ; a Communist Bandit in Malaya is Rebuffed ; President Eisenhower Gets Back to Work during Convalescence

BACK ON THE THRONE OF MOROCCO : Sultan Sidi Muhammed ben Yussef sits on the throne in the Imperial Palace at Rabat for the first time since he was exiled in August 1953. His two sons, standing beside the throne, are (left) Moulay Hassan, the eldest, and Moulay Abdulla. The first days of the Sultan's return to Morocco witnessed a series of orderly demonstrations of welcome. But when, four days later, huge crowds gathered at the palace in Rabat to pay homage to the Sultan the first disorders broke out, and it became clear that Sidi Muhammed ben Yussef's rule would be anything but easy. A caliph from Fez and a number of caids, recognised as former supporters of ben Moulay Arafa, the previous Sultan, were set upon by the mob and cut to pieces. A statement by a palace official indicated no regret at the events below the Sultan's windows. This event, however, is probably more than just the vengeance of a mob : it shows that the divisions in the country, even among different extremes of the nationalist parties, are still unhealed

AN ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE PERSIAN PREMIER : Hussein Ala is taken to hospital from the Shah Mosque, in Teheran, after an attempt had been made on his life there. The Prime Minister's neck is heavily bandaged. It later transpired that the assailant, who fired shots from a revolver at Hussein Ala while he was attending a memorial service, missed the Premier, and then threw the gun at him. This scratched the Prime Minister's neck slightly. Within a few hours, however, Hussein Ala was back at his desk, and later he left Teheran for Bagdad to attend the conference of the Bagdad Pact nations. It is believed that the assailant wanted to prevent the Premier's attendance at the conference. This is the third—and only unsuccessful—attempt on the life of a Persian Premier or ex-Premier in the Shah Mosque.

A COMMUNIST BANDIT EMERGES FROM THE JUNGLE TO TALK PEACE AND PROPAGANDA : A picture by radio of Chen Tian, left, accompanied by Lim Chim Hee, emerging from thick undergrowth in the jungles of Northern Perak. He brought messages from Chin Peng, leader of the Communist bandits, to Tengku Abdul Rahman, Chief Minister of Malaya, offering talks on equal terms on a possible peace. The offer to talk on equal terms was spurned by the Chief Minister, who, through an emissary of his own, warned Chen Tian that if ever the Communists again indulge in the propaganda tactics that preceded the visit of Chen Tian he would break off all contact with the rebels. Chen Tian, who has a price on his head, is in charge of terrorist propaganda. He was guaranteed safety and food while he remained in the neutral village in which the brief exchanges took place. For the villagers the visit of Chen Tian was the event of a lifetime. The entire population turned out to watch the rebel ask the postmaster to register and post a letter.

BACK AT WORK : President Eisenhower works at his home in Gettysburg, where he is convalescing after his heart attack. With Mr. Dulles he is going over the report of the Geneva Conference which the Secretary of State later broadcast.

A WORLD SURVEY

The Foreign News in Pictures from Europe, America and Asia

On left—
MILAN'S BOLD ANSWER TO UNIVERSAL TRAFFIC PROBLEM : Th is one of the entrances to th double-lane underground roadwa which has been constructed beneat one of Milan's busiest centres—th Piazza Diaz. Like many oth cities throughout the world, t growth in population in Milan an the larger number of motorists h led to overcrowding in the bu centres. Traffic is held up for long time during rush hours a important cross-roads. To elimina traffic from two directions Milan city planners decided on this unde ground roadway, with entranc on both sides of the Piazza, a fe hundred yards from the squa itself. While underground crossin are used for pedestrians in Londo they have not yet been adopt for vehicles. There have been mov afoot to utilise in this way the no disused tram tunnel between t Victoria Embankment and Holbor

On left—
ROYAL TOURISTS IN THE VATICAN : Leaving St. Peter's, Rome, after a sightseeing tour are the Kings and Queens of Sweden and Denmark. Leading the way are King Gustav Adolf of Sweden and Queen Ingrid of Denmark. They are followed by Queen Louise of Sweden and King Frederick of Denmark. The Swedish Royal couple, who were spending a holiday in Italy, had come to Rome from Sicily. They joined the King and Queen of Denmark, who were on a private visit to Rome.

On right—
THE PRESIDENTIAL STAKES—MR. STEVENSON IS FIRST IN THE FIELD : A cheery wave, the flash of a Press photographer's bulb, a reporter's notes, and the race for the Presidency of the United States is on. Here Mr. Adlai Stevenson is seen after he had announced that he would seek the Democratic nomination for the elections next year. Mr. Stevenson, the Democratic candidate defeated by President Eisenhower in 1952, is the first official candidate of either party.

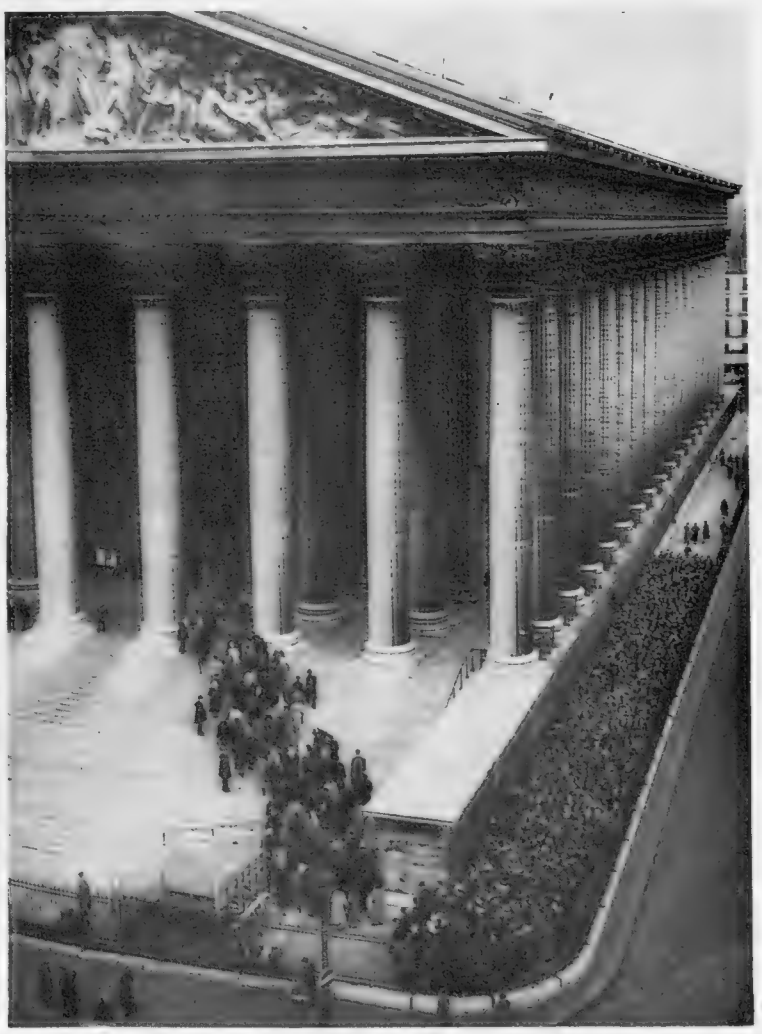
CHARGED WITH SABOTAGING A PASSENGER AIRCRAFT—AND MURDER : John Gilbert Graham, left, faces United States Commissioner Harold S. Oakes, when arraigned at Denver, Colorado, on a Federal charge of sabotaging a United States Airline aircraft. The plane burst into pieces in mid-air, killing all forty-four people on board. Later, Graham was charged under Colorado State law with murder. It is alleged that the life of Graham's mother, who was among those on board the airliner, had been insured by Graham for £13,400 on a slot-machine shortly before take-off. It is further alleged that Graham admitted manufacturing the bomb during October : it included twenty-five sticks of dynamite. The bomb was placed in Mrs. Graham's luggage.

"I AM VERY HAPPY TO RETURN TO MY OWN COUNTRY"—THE DISGRACED SOVIET ARCHITECT IN PAR Carrying a bag, and with his arm in the double-hold keeping of a Soviet Embassy official, is Mr. Alexan Vlasov, former chief architect of Moscow, who is seen being hustled through St. Lazare Station, Paris. Other Soviet officials glare at the white-haired man (extreme right) who was one of a gr of Russian anti-Communist demonstrators greeting the arrival of Mr. Vlasov from New York. It while he was in the United States that Mr. Vlasov was dismissed from his Moscow post : with other archite he was accused of wasting the State's money by constructing startling but outmoded and impractical buildi When he arrived at St. Lazare Mr. Vlasov was greeted by shouts in Russian of "Don't go back ! Seek freed Seek the right of asylum !" At the Soviet Embassy in Paris Mr. Vlasov declared : "I am very happy to re to my own country. I can always find a job there." Mr. Vlasov's wife and family still live in the Soviet U

THE ANNUAL FIGHT AGAINST THE ELEMENTS—CLEARING THE DRAINS ON SINGAPORE, A WEEK BEFORE THE MONSOON : It 's all hands to the hoe in this village on Singapore when there are just seven days to go before the north-east monsoon strikes the island. All the workers employed in clearing out drains, ditches, and creeks are volunteers. Last year, during the November and December rains, up to 14 ins. fell in a day, flooding out the small farms in the Tai Seng area, which is near Singapore's new Payar Lebar Airport. One of the causes for this minor disaster was the state of the drains, which were blocked up and did not allow the rain-waters to flow away freely. A Government investigation showed that it would cost over £7,000,000 to modernise the drainage system. This large capital sum could not be raised, so once again the task is left to individual volunteers.

UTRILLO IS BURIED IN HIS BELOVED MONTMARTRE : A large crowd attended the funeral of Maurice Utrillo, the French painter, at the cemetery of St. Vincent, in Montmartre. This is the Parisian quarter in which Utrillo was born, and in which he lived for most of his life. He is best known for his paintings of this artists' village. The funeral service was held in the church of Sacre Cœur, which appears in so many of Utrillo's paintings. Utrillo died at the age of seventy-one at Dax, in the French Pyrenees. He was spending a winter holiday with his wife there, and contracted bronchial pneumonia. Until his marriage in 1935 he had lived a life of hard drinking and fast yet masterful painting. At the age of eighteen he was first admitted to a home for chronic alcoholics. At the age of twenty-five he first exhibited at the Salon d'Automne.

A GLIMPSE THROUGH THE WINDOW—FRANCO-GERMAN *BONHOMIE* : The Federal Chancellor, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, recovering from his serious illness, sits on a window-sill at his home at Rhoendorf, near Bonn. He seems to find amusement in the chatter of those around him : from left, Dr. Walter Hallstein, the Under-Secretary of State ; Herr Blankenhorn (background), German Ambassador to N.A.T.O. ; M. Antoine Pinay, the French Foreign Minister ; and Herr Heinrich von Brentano, the West German Foreign Minister. The occasion for this joint display of *bonhomie* and *Gemütlichkeit* was the conference on the post-election future of the Saar.



PARIS MOURNS THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE : Hundreds await admission to the Madeleine Church in Paris to file past the bier of Madame Coty, wife of the French President, who died suddenly of a heart attack. Earlier, thousands had filed through the hall of the Elysée Palace to sign their names as a gesture of sympathy. The Queen sent a message to the President. Madame Coty, who was sixty-nine, died at the President's country home at Rambouillet, where she was entertaining guests over the armistice week-end. Madame Coty was buried in Le Havre, the city of her birth.

Above—
AFTER PLUNGING DOWN A 20-FT. EMBANKMENT : Rescue parties are at work on the front coaches of the excursion train after the crash near Milton, between Steventon and Didcot, in Berkshire, last Sunday. Ten people were killed and 106 injured. Nine of the dead were women. The train was bound for Paddington from South Wales, when it was diverted to a loop line. The engine left the rails and dragged the first four coaches down the embankment. The driver and fireman escaped with slight injuries. The injured were taken to hospitals in Abingdon, Oxford and Reading.

TEN ARE KILLED IN RAIL CRASH

And 106 are Injured in the Derailment of an Excursion Train near Didcot

Below—
RESCUE WORK CONTINUES THROUGH THE NIGHT : Twelve hours after the accident, which occurred in the early afternoon of last Sunday, arc lights are trained on the wreckage for the rescue work still to proceed. Relays of men toiled through the night with oxy-acetylene apparatus. This is the fourth major accident on British Railways this year. On Sunday, January 23, seventeen were killed in an express derailment at Sutton Coldfield. On Saturday, May 28, three children lost their lives in a crash near Dundee. On Sunday, August 7, one died when an express left the rails at Barby.

THE VULCAN'S NEW "LINE": The Avro Vulcan VX777, the second prototype for Britain's new delta-winged bombers, takes off from Woodford Aerodrome, in Cheshire. It is starting on one of its trial flights with its redesigned leading edge. This new configuration is the result of intensive study for making the fullest operational use of the more powerful engines which will soon become available. The new leading edge will be embodied in all the aircraft of the type, but its introduction will not delay the delivery of Vulcans to Bomber Command.

In the Air and on the Ground

Britain's Vulcan Bomber and a New Dutch Airliner Undergo Trials

On left—

THE FRIENDSHIP ON ITS GROUND TESTS: The Dutch Fokker Company's turbo-prop F.27 Friendship airliner is towed on the ground at Schipol, near Amsterdam. This aircraft is designed as a medium-sized airliner for short to medium-range Continental traffic. It has a cruising speed of 255 miles per hour and costs about £143,000. It is planned to produce the Friendship in quantity during the next few years.

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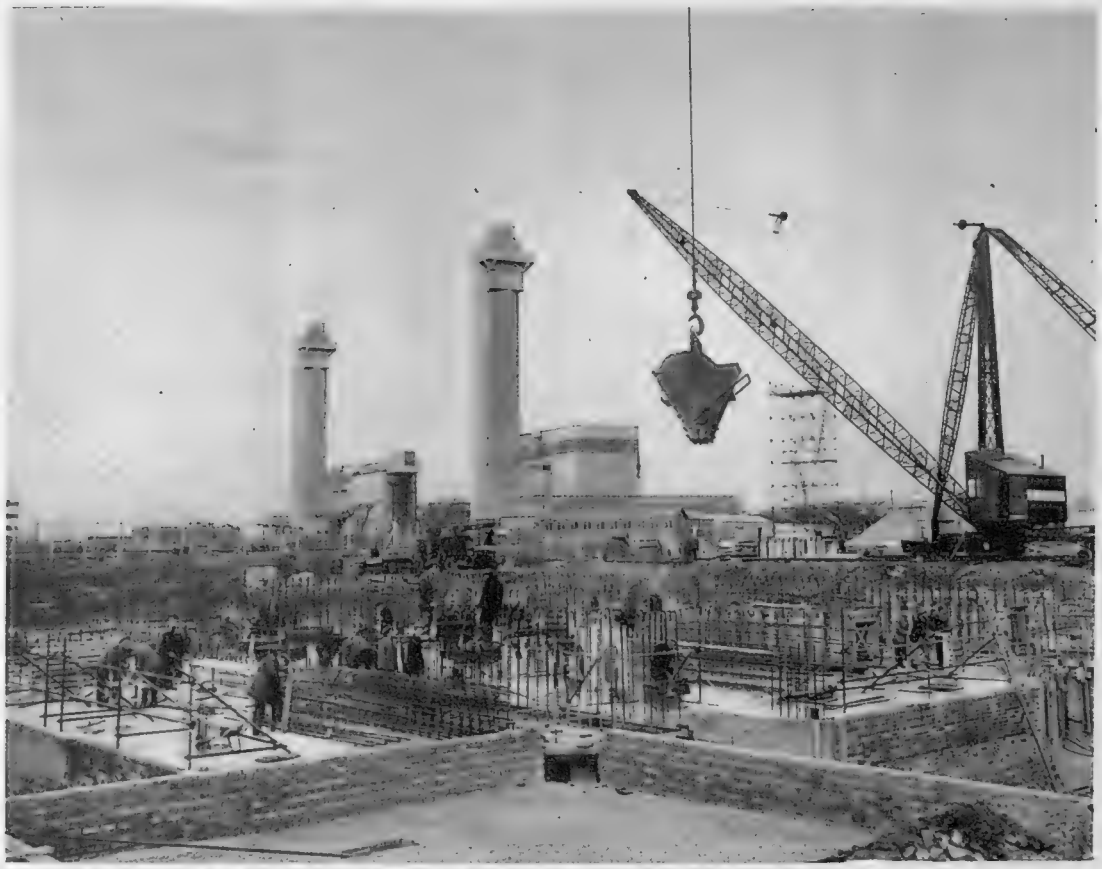
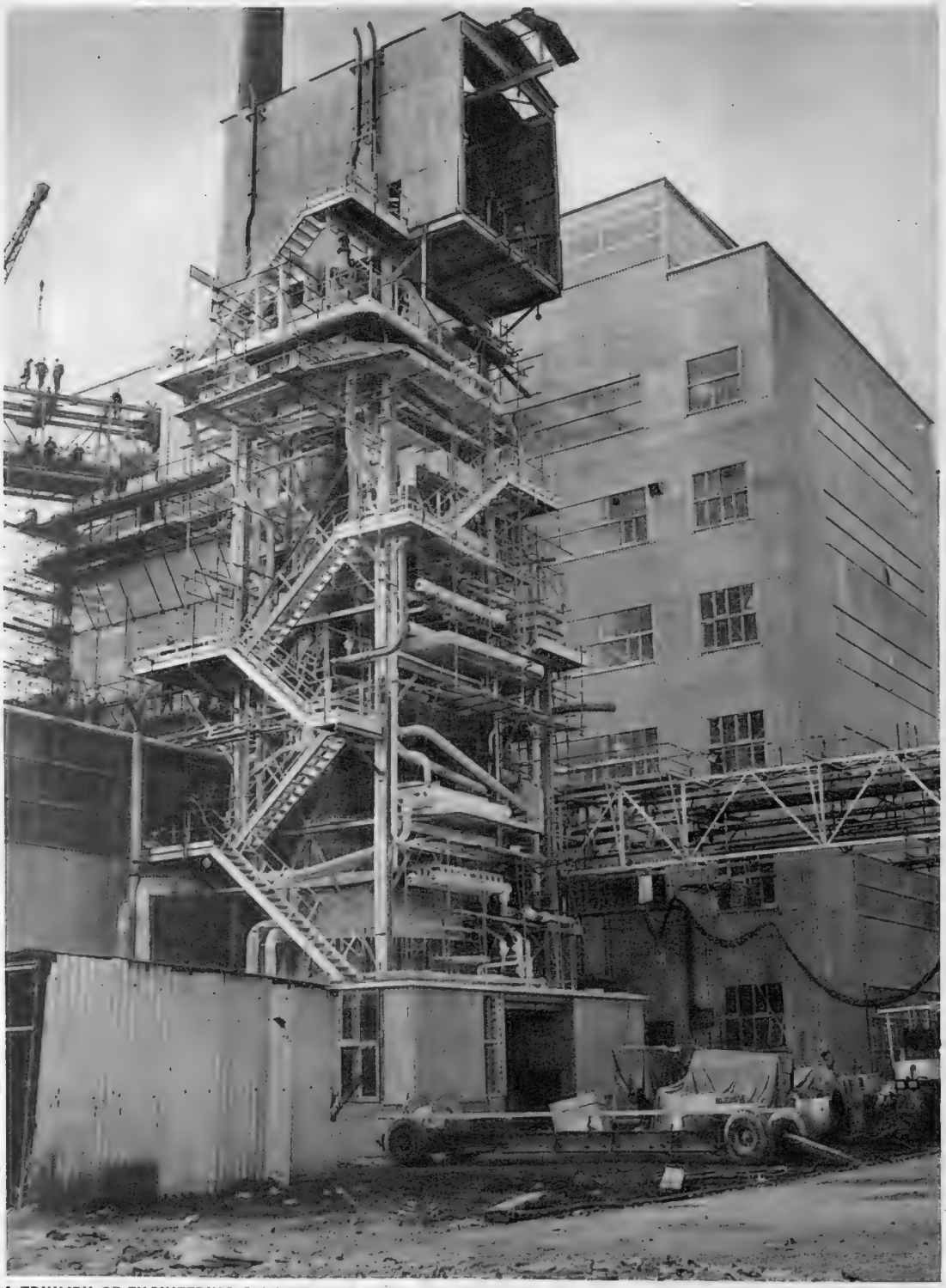


THE FOUNDATIONS FOR THE SECOND ATOMIC POWER STATION ARE ALREADY BEING LAID : The concrete foundations for one of the two reactors of " Calder Hall B " are already laid, while the finishing touches are put to the first station. In the background are the towers of the Windscale plutonium production plant. The first two atomic power stations will contribute electricity to the national grid by 1959, two years earlier than anticipated.



A TRIUMPH OF ENGINEERING CONSTRUCTION—THE HEAT EXCHANGER : Engulfed by staircases, pipes and scaffolding is one of the four heat exchangers of a reactor. This is a cylindrical steel vessel 80 ft. high and 18 ft. in diameter. It weighs 200 tons, was carried to Calder Hall by road in nine sections, and welded together on the site.

CALDER HALL AHEAD OF SCHEDULE

Britain's Atomic Power Station in Cumberland, the Biggest in the World, Will Have a Bigger Output Earlier than Expected

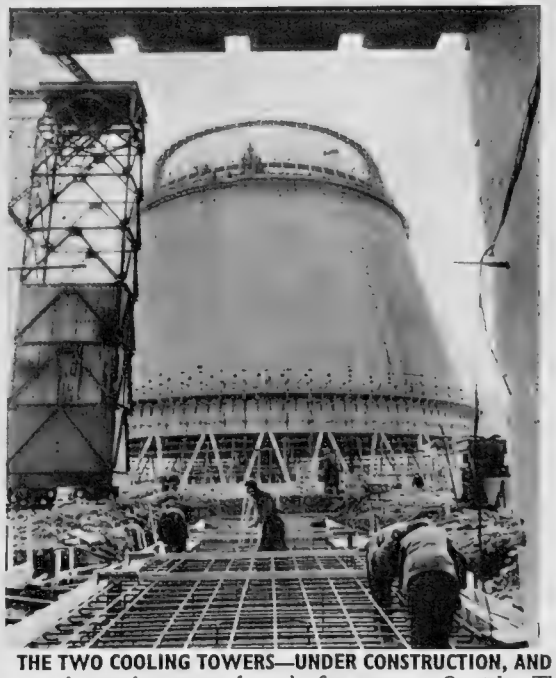
When for the first time some of the secrets of the Calder Hall atomic power station were revealed to the world's Press last week, the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority was able to give news that the progress made in Cumberland has exceeded the expectations of the authorities. By the end of next year Calder Hall will contribute 92,000 kilowatts to the national grid, and by the following year sufficient to supply light and fuel to a town the size of Folkestone. Only 50,000 kilowatts had been expected. Meanwhile the second station will be completed, and in use, some two years ahead of schedule.

The Duke of Edinburgh was this week able to see the two reactors, or atomic furnaces, nearing completion. At the same time, a start has been made on the second station. These two stations, within sight of the twin towers of the plutonium plant at Calder Hall, will each have two reactors, as will two similar but improved type stations scheduled to be begun in 1958 and to be in operation five years later. But so great will be the momentum of building that by 1965 another eight stations, probably with only one reactor each, but of higher rating, will have been installed. Together these twelve stations will have a generating capacity of well over 2,000,000 kilowatts.

Such is the ten-year plan. £300,000,000 is an estimate of its cost. At its completion the atomic power stations will be producing electricity equal to that from about 6,000,000 tons of coal ; yet the plan will meet only a quarter of the additional generating capacity which will be needed by 1965

THE FIRST ATOMIC POWER STATION IN BRITAIN, AND THE BIGGEST IN THE WORLD, NEARS COMPLETION : A general view of the first station. In the foreground is the second reactor, and to the left the first. Between the two are the administrative buildings. Beyond the first reactor loom the two cooling towers : the far one has been completed, and the near one is still under construction. By the middle of next year both these reactors, making one complete station, will be producing electricity.

THE BASE OF THE ATOMIC PILE : In this pile heat is produced to be passed through the heat exchanger of which it is the base. Here the gases give up their heat to a water circuit, forming steam, which is then led off to the turbine house to be converted into electric power.



THE TWO COOLING TOWERS—UNDER CONSTRUCTION, AND COMPLETED : *On left*—The construction of cooling tower No. 2 is seen in progress from the first reactor. *On right*—The first tower, already completed. There are two towers to each reactor. They are each 290 ft. high and 200 ft. in diameter at the base. Their purpose is to allow water used in the process of making steam to return into circulation after being cooled. Each can cool 3,000,000 gallons of water an hour.

THE TOWN THAT IS FALLING TO PIECES

In Lüneburg, in Germany, Many Buildings are Doomed Soon to Collapse Because of a Strange Subsidence of the Earth

BUTTRESSES CANNOT PREVENT WALLS COLLAPSING: The supports against this house in Lüneburg will only temporarily ward off the ultimate disaster which is overtaking a large area of the North German town. Owing to the sinking of the earth, the houses and other buildings are falling down.

On right—

ONCE A HOME, NOW ONLY FIT FOR COAL STORAGE: Heike Strehlau fetches coal from the ruined house, torn to pieces by the subsidence of the earth. But her own home, which is next door, will soon be in a similar plight.

THE DOOMED AREA: Rubble is all that remains of what were once happy homes in Lüneburg. This is part of the area, 1,625 ft. in length and 163 ft. in width, in which the earth is sinking, and bringing down the buildings on it. The level of the ground is now falling at an annual rate of 1 to 2 inches.

On left—

THE FALL OF THE EARTH IN SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS: The lines imposed on this picture of a cobbled street in Lüneburg show the measure of the subsidence. The top line is where the street-level was in 1880. The bottom line shows it to-day, and the level will sink still further.

BUILDINGS ARE DEMOLISHED: A mechanical grab is at work demolishing houses which had begun to list dangerously and for which there cannot be any hope of survival.

A NEW LÜNEBURG IS BEING BUILT: Some miles from the condemned town new homes are being built to house the displaced families. But the authorities, in their race against time, are handicapped by limited financial resources and many inhabitants have to stay in their homes until they have nearly collapsed.

Lüneburg, in Hanover, is deservedly one of the best-known of Germany's ancient towns. It contains many fine late medieval buildings, such as the Churches of St. Nicholas and of St. Michael, the Ducal Palace and the Merchants' Hall. From the sixteenth-century Princes of Lüneburg-Brunswick descend the House of Hanover and the present British Royal Family. Ten years ago Lüneburg added to its history, for on the heath outside, Field-Marshal Montgomery received the surrender of the German armies. Immediately afterwards it became the headquarters of a corps district in the British Army of the Rhine and familiar to many British Servicemen and Servicewomen in post-war Germany.

To-day Lüneburg has come into the news again, the victim of a strange and unavoidable natural disaster. It is literally a town that is falling to pieces. Walls topple, roofs collapse, doors bang, furniture slides about the floors of homes. An area over 541 yards long and 54 yards wide appears to have suffered from bombing. Or perhaps some unseen giant hand is tearing the buildings apart.

The reason for this destruction is subsidence of the earth. The level is falling between 1 and 2 ins. a year. The cause has not been definitely decided. One view is that underground rivers are undermining the earth. Another reason might be the salt deposits, which have been worked there for ten centuries. A third suggestion is that the military traffic—tanks and heavy vehicles—which poured into Lüneburg during and after the war might have some bearing on this strange phenomenon.

But heavy traffic could only be a subsidiary factor, for the earth-level has been sinking for years. Until recently no one realised the serious implications of this, and houses and shops continued to be built. However, all new building has been stopped to-day. The only constructive work undertaken is the buttressing of walls of houses which are still habitable—but this can only postpone their inevitable destruction. More frequently squads have to demolish dangerously listing buildings.

The inhabitants clearly recognise that they are doomed. Twice a month buildings in the danger area are inspected, and the people warned when the situation is becoming critical. Some miles away, in a district free from earth subsidence, a new town is being built. Such a large-scale operation as this requires heavy financing, and this at present the authorities of Lüneburg are lacking. So, many have to remain in their homes until the last minute, hearing the walls crack and feeling the floors shiver as this slow earthquake grinds on to inevitable doom.

THE BRAZILIAN LEADERS WHO EMERGED ON TOP AT THE END OF THE WEEK : Senhor Nereu Ramos (right), after he had been sworn in as acting President of Brazil. On left is General Teixeira Lott, who engineered the coup against President Luz, and who was appointed War Minister. In the centre is the new Air Minister, General Secco. Senhor Ramos was President of the Senate.

THE THREE-DAY PRESIDENT AFTER HE HAD TAKEN OVER : Senhor Carlos da Luz, President of the Chamber of Deputies, is seen in Rio de Janeiro after he had been installed as acting President of Brazil. His office had made him automatic choice for the Presidency after the retirement of President Filho.

THE MECHANICS OF A BLOODLESS REVOLUTION : An anti-aircraft unit stands guard outside the building of the War Ministry in Rio de Janeiro after Army leaders had deposed acting President Luz. Possibly because of the pouring rain the coup was completely unopposed.

FIVE PRESIDENTS IN A WEEK

Brazil has Three, and Argentina Two, in Seven Days of Plot and Counter Plot

The swiftness with which the fortunes of South American politicians vary was never so clearly illustrated as during the week beginning November 7. Between Monday and Sunday the peoples of the two biggest nations in the continent, Brazil and Argentina, were ruled by a grand total of five Presidents. And those who remained in position as a new week began, shaken by the events of past days as they must have been, were at least comforted by the knowledge that they were regarded officially as no more than acting Presidents.

Even by South American standards Brazil's experience was remarkable, for in only four days the country had three Presidents. And a fourth—the elected one—is still to come. On Monday, President Joao Café Filho, who had held office since the suicide of President Vargas in August 1954, went on indefinite leave following a heart attack. His successor, Senhor Carlos Coimbra da Luz, was installed on Tuesday. His job was to remain acting President until Senhor Juscelino Kubitschek, who had been elected last month, despite the opposition of a liberal and right-wing coalition, could be inaugurated President next January.

Soon after results of the elections had been announced there were rumours that a military–civilian group was planning to stage a coup and declare the elections illegal. Now, ever since the death of Vargas the Army had declared itself to be outside politics, but pledged to see that the will of the country is carried out. When, therefore, acting President Luz refused to punish an officer who had advocated such a coup, the Minister of War, General Lott, resigned. That was on Wednesday. By Friday the General, with the backing of the Army, had himself successfully staged a coup. The acting President was forced to resign after only three days in office, and he was replaced by the President of the Senate, Senhor Nereu Ramos. All he no doubt hopes for is that the seat he is holding warm for Senhor Kubitschek will not get too hot before the end of January.

General Lonardi may have been hurt at the trend of events in the Argentine, but he can hardly have been surprised. Ever since he became the leader of the revolutionary group that ousted President Peron in September it was apparent that there was a serious division of opinion within his own Government. Its members were united only by hatred of Peron.

Pressure from what is regarded as the more liberal section of the Army was being brought to bear on General Lonardi. On Wednesday he bowed to demands to dismiss some of the more reactionary members of his Government by replacing the War Minister, General Bengoa, with Brigadier-General Arana. But in an effort to conciliate the liberals he dismissed Dr. Busso, Minister of the Interior and Justice. This was too much for General Lonardi's opponents within the junta, and he was forced to resign. In his place Major-General Aramburu was installed.

Despite these internal dissensions, the trade unions, formerly strongly Peronista, were unable to gain any advantage from them. A general strike was called by some of the unions, but the new Government's warning was heeded, and it never began.

On right—

THE ELECTED PRESIDENT OF BRAZIL : Senhor Juscelino Kubitschek at his home with his wife and daughter Sara. He had been elected President last month, but until his installation on January 31 the office is being filled by an acting President.

THE FIRST OF THE THREE : President Joao Café Filho, who went on indefinite leave because of a heart ailment, had taken over when President Vargas died in 1954.

On left—

ARGENTINA'S NEW PRESIDENT : Major-General Pedro Aramburu (left) is seen in Buenos Aires after taking the oath of office as President. With him is Admiral Rojas, who has retained the Vice-Presidency he held with General Lonardi.

On right—

GENERAL LONARDI TRIES TO SAVE HIMSELF: The former President (right) administers the oath to Brigadier-General Arana, who became War Minister. This last-minute introduction of a Liberal failed to save the General's Government.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

Afoot in England.—When W. H. Hudson wrote the charming little book of this title in 1909, walking was still an individual and, I suspect, an eccentric hobby. Walking, that is, not to work or for some special purpose, but walking for its own sake, for the pleasure of it. Hudson knew the South of England best, especially Salisbury Plain, and two or three of his books are devoted to the lives and labours of Downland shepherds and stockmen and the ordinary people of the village, whom he encountered on his wanderings. All interspersed, of course, with expert observations of Nature, especially birds, and of the quiet convolutions of the landscape. Like Cobbett, he had the knack of talking to all and sundry, but, unlike Cobbett, he never preached, and so, I would guess, entered more deeply into a man's confidence. He is certainly far more readable.

How different is walking to-day, or hiking, which implies the whole business of carrying a rucksack, wearing the right kind of boots, camping or putting up at a hostel. Nowadays it is all organised, and has to be because so many people have taken to it. There are mass treks along well-defined routes, hundreds of officially registered youth hostels, and the mapping and sign-posting of rights-of-way by Statute. It is all a logical development of the healthy desire of townspeople to get out and about, and see the real countryside without much expense. I am heartily in sympathy, and joined the Youth Hostels Association myself almost at the start.

But change is often a sad thing, no less because it is reasonable, inevitable, even desirable, and Hudson—had he been alive to-day—would have been greatly saddened by the changed appearance of the Plain. In those days he thought Stonehenge a pitiable heap of stones and the arrival of the Army at Tidworth nothing untoward. Surely the barbed wire, the National Trust notices and the car park would have sharpened his pity, while the great permanent camps and aerodromes would have exceeded his wildest nightmares.

Indeed, all the obvious changes would have horrified him—the vast increase in building (so much of it sporadic and ugly even in deep country), the traffic, the mechanisation of farming and the huge stretches of ploughland; and less obvious, the small number of men working on the land.

On the other hand, he might have found comfort in the prosperity of the villages, in all the material improvements, and the far higher standard of living. As a South American of pioneer stock, Hudson was far from conservative; even so, his character and his books belong to an age which has utterly gone.

Afoot in Germany.—This is no book-title but a tag for my own experiences, because twenty-five years ago I took to walking as Hudson had done, although not at first in my own country. In 1930 English hostels were few and far between, and without them hiking was difficult, so I went abroad. First of all, with a school friend to Stüttgart, which we reached by train about three o'clock in the morning, travelling hard on wooden seats, black bread and liver sausage all the way from Ostend. The hostel was shut, so we took to the waiting-room and were immediately searched by the police, who, I admit, didn't take us very seriously.

But we didn't like it and retired to a bench in the park, where it was very cold and impossible to sleep. Eventually, after a hot breakfast, we set off on a ten-day crossing of the Black Forest towards Freiburg-im-Breisgau.

It was in summer, a beautiful August month, and the country was certainly lovely, albeit tempered by the cool, dark sameness of the evergreen trees, mile after mile. Hardly a bird sang, only the rustle and swish of our feet on the forest floor, and the echo of an axe far up on the hillside.

We met practically no one during the day. Sometimes we slept in a barn, sometimes in the cheapest of gasthauses (but all had electricity and a telephone), and once at least in a ruined castle. In Freiburg, however, there was a magnificent hostel, organised with complete Teutonic thoroughness, with meal and bed tickets, and community singing at night. The discipline attracted us at first, there is something satisfying to the young in belonging to a group, but we grew tired of it in the end, especially when we were *expected* to go about in gangs.

We had only one slightly sinister encounter, when we were received in a village with complete silence. The reason? I was wearing a red bandanna round my neck, and they thought I was a Communist. But the political situation was much worse two years later when I spent six months as a student in Hamburg, and for recreation went walking alone in Holstein. Once I walked the entire stretch from Lübeck to Kiel, not vastly interesting country, but pleasant enough, studded with small lakes and eternal pines.

My constant companions were young unemployed who had literally nothing to do but walk and walk. Some had walked all the way round Scandinavia, from Denmark, through Sweden and Norway to Finland, and back by East Prussia, taking two years to do the round. They all kept going by casual work on farms or stealing or merely subsisting on a small dole handed out by one or other of the political parties. Most of them were anti-Nazi, and even then were expecting the worst. In fact, Hitler came into power early in the following year. We would greet each other on the road, I remember, with a variety of salutations—*Grüss Gott*, *Servus*, or a clenched fist—and greeting was an important piece of etiquette. If we had hats, we doffed them.

Parochial Church Council.—I am fortunate to be living in a parish where the church is a vital part of our local life. This is evident in many ways. We have five services on Sundays, all adequately attended, while at festivals it is often impossible to find a seat. There is a regular roster of boys who act as servers, and a team of ringers who on practice nights devote an extra hour to teaching pupils from a near-by private school. Two years ago a benefactor presented the tower with a new treble bell, raising the total from five bells to six.

Our parson and his wife never spare themselves, and are universally respected and liked. They are active not only in church affairs, but also in the social life of the village. Most important of all, they regularly visit the parishioners, an essential part of the parson's job. It is slackness in visiting that has contributed perhaps more than anything else to the decline of the Church in the country.

How much people value their church can often be gauged by the effectiveness of the church council. I happen to be a member of ours. There are about a dozen of us. Our meetings are lively and constructive. For example, we raise by covenant, collection and other means about £400 a year from a population of 600. With this sum we keep the church and graveyard in good repair, pay our quota to the diocese, and meet all those charges which formerly the rector was expected to meet himself. We also make his stipend up to £550 a year. But, in addition to this, we have raised money for capital improvements—an electrical heating system two years ago, and last year £230 to repair and recondition the organ.

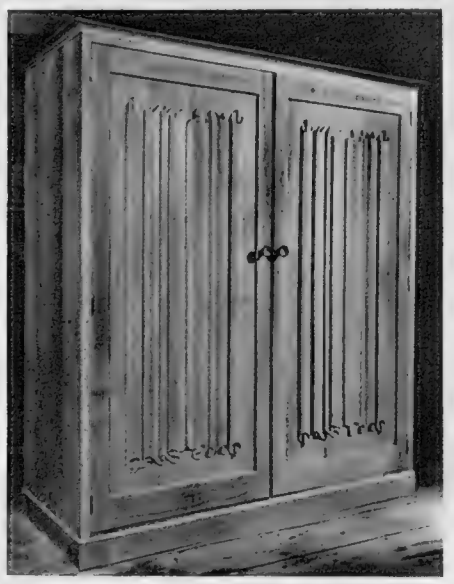
Vestment Cupboard.—It took us six months to collect the money for the organ, a good effort, we thought, but it had an even better sequel. When the fund was opened, the rector wrote round to everyone he could think of who had had even the slenderest connection with the parish. One person—a man of great means, no longer a resident, but whose father used to worship at the church—referred the matter to his Trustees, and we heard and thought no more about it. Some time after the organ had been paid for, we received a cheque for £500, with the permission to use it however we thought best. It was like a fairy-tale.

What to do with the money? We invested most of it in a sober way against eventualities, and then spent £100 on a perfectly magnificent vestment cupboard, which you see reproduced here. It was *not* bought off the peg. We gave it as an original commission to Edward Baly, a craftsman furniture-maker whose work I had seen and admired at Dartington Hall, and who teaches at Torquay Art School. He worked out special fittings to take altar frontals, cassocks, surplices and all other necessary vestments, the whole unit constructed of solid limed oak and designed to stand in the corner of the vestry. At a guess, it should last at least a hundred years, and is the pride and joy of us all.

Although £100 sounds a lot of money, it is not excessive for this by any standard. Indeed, we take the view that the church ought only to have the best, and, furthermore, that contemporary artists and craftsmen should be given patronage in this way. After all, the Church used to be the great patron of the arts—so why not now?

THE DOWNS IN NORTH WILTSHIRE: This quiet scene near Marlborough has probably changed little since W. H. Hudson knew it and wrote of it earlier in the century. Unfortunately, large areas of Salisbury Plain, to the south, which he immortalised in his books, have now been spoilt by military encampments and other buildings. Hudson, who died in 1922, lived most of his life tramping about the South Country in obscurity and poverty, until his last years, when his work was recognised and appreciated at its true worth. His books about shepherds and other country people are regarded as classics. He also wrote with great authority upon birds and on the natural history of South America, where he was born and lived until he was over thirty. He is commemorated by the bird sanctuary in Hyde Park, London, which contains Epstein's "Rima."

A YOUTH HOSTEL IN THE HUDSON COUNTRY: Looking across the garden to Plough Cottage, which is situated two miles from Marlborough. It was opened as a sixty-bed Youth Hostel in May 1950.



"A PERFECTLY MAGNIFICENT VESTMENT CUPBOARD": Made by Edward Baly, a craftsman furniture-maker, it stands in Brushford Church, near Dulverton, Somerset. A vestment cupboard should be an essential piece of furniture in every church. It not only prevents untidiness but also helps to lengthen the life of all vestments and robes.

DESERT NO-MAN'S LAND

The Demilitarized Zone in the Sinai Desert which has been the Scene of Egyptian-Israeli Clashes Now Houses Egyptian Captives

Calmer counsels prevailed this month after the fierce skirmishes between Israeli and Egyptian troops in the Sinai desert at the beginning of November. Once again the no-man's land near the Gaza strip is calm. United Nations observers move about in their vehicles, inspecting positions, investigating "incidents." Now they have a new task—watching over the prisoners-of-war captured by the Israelis in the attack on El Sabha. In a compound at Nitzama, just on the Israeli side of the demilitarized zone, about forty of these prisoners have now savoured three weeks of life in a "cage." The photographs show them to be dejected, though trying, like all prisoners, to organise their own activities, especially their own military parades. Perhaps a contributory factor to their dejection is their uncertainty about the future. No one seems to know yet what will become of the prisoners. It may depend on the outcome of the next few weeks of uneasy peace. Though there has been little military activity, both Egyptian and Israeli politicians have not refrained from making bellicose statements. The no-man's land in the Sinai desert may not have seen the last of the armies yet.

OUTPOSTS OF NEUTRALITY: This is the Nitzama-El Auja area, the demilitarized zone separating the watchful armed forces of Israel and Egypt. The first building with vehicles parked outside is that of the United Nations observers. The buildings beyond house the Israeli and Egyptian members of the armistice commission.

THE ROAD-BLOCK OF PEACE: Once it was used to hold up unauthorised traffic. Now it marks the limits of one side of the demilitarized zone in the Sinai Desert, the exact boundaries of which remain a constant source of dispute between Israel and Egypt.

NEW ARRIVALS IN THE NO-MAN'S LAND: Behind barbed wire sit some of the Egyptian prisoners captured by the Israelis in the attack on El Sabha early this month. Their camp is at Nitzama, within hailing distance of the mixed armistice commission.

OUTLOOK UNCERTAIN: On the backs of these Egyptian prisoners is the tell-tale "diamond" which marks them as prisoners of war. Their future is unsettled: no one knows if and when they will be repatriated. Meanwhile, the Israelis have set up a complete prisoner-of-war camp, with guard tower and searchlight in background.

LIKE ALL PRISONERS OF WAR, THE EGYPTIANS TRY TO ORGANISE THEIR OWN PARADES: "All present and correct, sir," is the report given to Lieutenant Samir (extreme left) on the morning parade in the "cage." The Lieutenant, captured with his men at El Sabha, claims to be the nephew of a former Arab League secretary.

THE GREAT KARIBA DAM GETS UNDER WAY

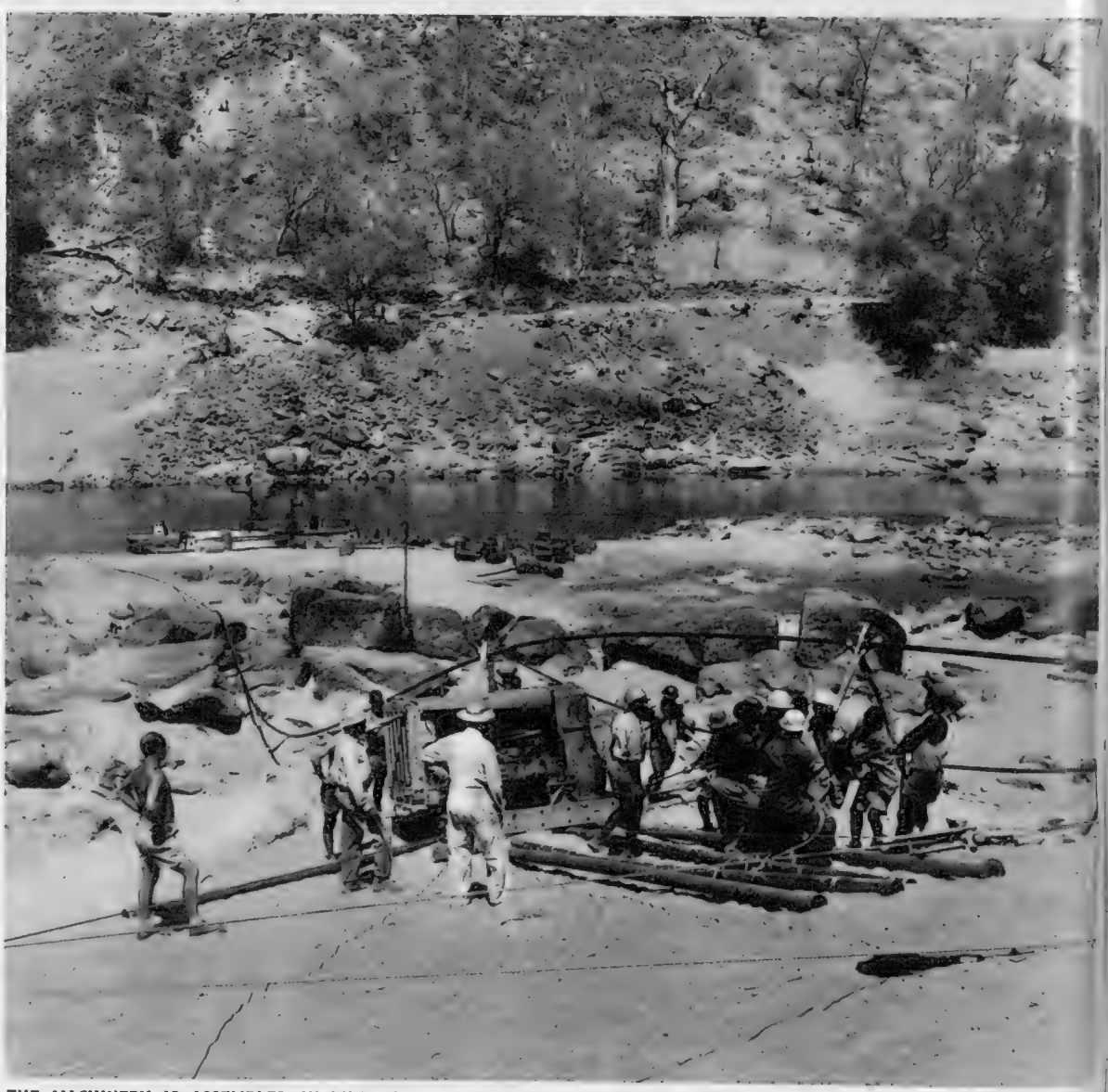
The First Pictures of Work on the Site of the £54,000,000 Rhodesian Hydro-Electric Power Project

Work has now begun on the hydro-electric scheme at Kariba Gorge, on the River Zambezi. The dry summer months have provided the contractors with an opportunity to get their machinery to the site, and to begin preliminary exploration of rock foundations. The building of the dam and the generating station, and the creation of what will be the biggest artificial lake in the world, is a considerable job in itself, as was outlined in THE SPHERE of October 1. But the task of those responsible is made even more difficult by the geographical and climatic conditions at Kariba Gorge. And the work that is necessary to overcome these in some measure is among the first that is being undertaken.

Kariba Gorge lies many miles from any of the big centres of Southern or Northern Rhodesia. It is extremely hot, with summer temperatures reaching 115 deg. In the tunnels which have to be dug into the hillsides the humidity is almost unbearable. It therefore needs something more than high wages to attract both European and African labour. In a way, those who are at present helping to build the European and African townships near the dam are pioneers in the old tradition. New roads have to be built to replace the dust tracks which are in existence at present. What is more, they must be capable of use during the rainy season as well as in dry weather. And there must also be a bridge across the Zambezi. At present, with the great river almost dry, this would seem to present no problem. But when the Zambezi becomes a raging torrent the need for the high-level suspension bridge that is under construction will be appreciated. Yet these difficulties, which are now being tackled, are small in comparison with the vast potential benefits to both Rhodesias of the Kariba Gorge scheme when it has been completed.

A LINK BETWEEN NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN RHODESIA—THE PONTOON ON THE SITE OF THE DAM : This is the makeshift method of crossing the Zambezi which is at present employed by the workers on the hydro-electric scheme at Kariba Gorge. A high-level suspension bridge is now under construction ; it will provide a crossing when the river is in its winter flood.

WORK AND RELAXATION : The resident engineer (centre) outside one of the experimental tunnels. *Below*—Lunchtime relaxation at a spot which will be 300 ft. under water when the dam has been completed.



THE MACHINERY IS ASSEMBLED IN THE RUGGED CONDITIONS OF THE ZAMBEZI RIVERSIDE : A generator is hauled by a gang of workmen up the rocky banks of the river. These are only the first stages of a great project, the initial cost of which is estimated at £54,000,000. Kariba Gorge is hot, the summer temperatures rising to 115 deg.

WHERE THE CONCRETE ARCH DAM WILL SPAN THE ZAMBEZI RIVER : A view downstream, showing the site of the dam, which will be 1,800 ft. long. The great river is shown as it is comparatively dried up. *Below, right*—Looking across the river towards the hill on which excavations are being made to test the rock foundations on which the dam is to be built. Three such excavations have been made on this, the Northern Rhodesian, side of the Zambezi. Inside the tunnels the humidity is such that workers lose pints of water as it pours from their bodies.

THE KIND OF ROAD WHICH WILL BE REPLACED : A car is being repaired on the dry and dusty road leading to Kariba. It is part of the scheme to build new roads, and an all-weather road is expected to be completed within the next few months.

DRAMA ON THE LONDON STAGE

The "Strong are Lonely," at the Piccadilly Theatre; "Suspect," at the Royal Court

London audiences in the past two weeks have seen two of our greatest dramatic actors—Mr. Donald Wolfit and Miss Flora Robson—in strong plays of their own choice. Mr. Wolfit, in *The Strong are Lonely*, at the Piccadilly Theatre, plays the Father Provincial of the Society of Jesus in Paraguay in the year 1767, when the Jesuit Fathers were forced to leave by the Spanish authorities. The Spanish settlers are losing their workers because the Jesuits have set up a Utopian state, giving the Indians greater freedom and better conditions. They have brought false charges before King Charles of Spain, who sends his emissary to destroy the influence of the Jesuits. The Father Provincial defies the Royal authority and is prepared for armed revolt, when a legate of the Father-General of the Order demands submission under the vow of obedience. Donald Wolfit conveys the priest's mental conflict with considerable force.

THE FATHER PROVINCIAL DENIES THE CHARGES OF A BISHOP : A scene from *The Strong are Lonely*, at the Piccadilly Theatre. From left are Donald Wolfit, as the Jesuit Father Provincial ; Robert Harris as the King's emissary ; George Selway and Ronald Harwood as Spanish officers ; Ernest Milton, legate of the Father-General ; Peter Bennet as the Bishop ; Joseph Chelton, Alan Wilson and Robert Algar as planters.

A DUTCH MERCHANT SUPPORTS A JESUIT FATHER : Derek Oldham as Andre Cornelis testifies before the Spanish Royal emissary to the good faith of the Jesuit Father Provincial in Paraguay.

On right—
FLORA ROBSON AS MRS. SMITH IS TENDED BY HER FAITHFUL OLD NURSE (PLAYED BY BETTY HENDERSON) IN THE REVIVAL OF "SUSPECT," BY EDWARD PERCY AND REGINALD DENHAM, AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE : *Suspect* was first presented in London in 1937 and its strong leading part has made it a favourite vehicle for dramatic actresses. Miss Robson has herself directed the new production in which she plays the tortured Mrs. Smith. The story is of a woman whose past life, when she stood trial for murder, is discovered by the father of the girl to whom her son is engaged to be married. The murder had been a particularly savage one and the Scottish jury had returned the inconclusive verdict of "Not Proven."

THE TRAGIC TRIANGLE : Flora Robson, as the suspected murderess, Mrs. Smith, says goodbye to her beloved son Robert (Brian Nissen) before he leaves to marry Janet Rendle (Elaine Usher, right).

THE FATAL AXE : The dramatic scene in *Suspect*, at the Royal Court Theatre, when Mrs. Smith sees the axe placed to surprise her into confession of the murder. From left are John Welsh, Betty Henderson, Flora Robson, Brian Nissen, Elaine Usher, Rosemary Scott and Peter Williams.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AS A YACHTSMAN: Bernard Adams' portrait has been painted for the Royal Thames Yacht Club. It depicts the Duke in yachting dress and shows him standing at the rail of the *Britannia*.

ROYAL PORTRAITS IN LONDON

They Are Shown in the Sixty-second Annual Exhibition Arranged by the Royal Society of Portrait Painters

The most striking and unusual of the four paintings of the Queen in this year's exhibition by the Royal Society of Portrait Painters is that shown by Mrs. Grace Wheatley, R.P. The Queen, who is wearing her Coronation robes, is depicted as the central figure on a background which includes representative figures and birds and beasts of the countries she visited during her extensive Commonwealth tour. The portrait took about a year to paint, and although she did not sit for the painting, the Queen gave permission for it to be exhibited. The other three portraits of the Queen are by Edward Halliday, R.P., W. A. Dargie and Flora Lion, R.P., the first-named artist having painted Her Majesty against the familiar background of Windsor Castle. Altogether there are 362 portraits in the exhibition, and of the six entered by Bernard Adams, R.P. one is of the Duke of Edinburgh. There is a portrait of Queen Mary by David Jagger, R.P., and one of the portraits by James Gunn, A.R.A., R.P., the Society's President, is of the Earl of Athlone.

ONE OF THE NEW PORTRAITS OF THE QUEEN ON SHOW IN LONDON: It is by Edward Halliday, R.P., and forms part of the sixty-second Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly.

THE QUEEN AND THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH: In this portrait by the Australian artist, W. A. Dargie, Her Majesty is shown wearing a yellow dress. The portrait *on the left*, by Grace Wheatley, R.P., symbolises the Crown as the link of the Commonwealth. It is entitled "The Crown" and shows the Queen wearing her Coronation robes against a background symbolic of the Royal Tour of the British Commonwealth.

THE BATTLE FOR SOUTH UIST

The Government Proposal to Establish a Guided-missile Training Centre There Has Started a Controversy

Many people in different parts of Britain are joining in the current controversy over South Uist, in the Outer Hebrides. The Government is proposing to set up a range there for the training of forces in the use of guided-missiles. The inhabitants have expressed concern about the project and asked for details about how much land will be involved and how the life of the island will be affected. Apart from a few mountains of no great height, South Uist (22 miles long and 8 miles wide at its broadest point) consists of moorland, broken by numerous freshwater lochs. Its Atlantic seaboard is a long, unbroken stretch of sand. In ancient times the island was part of the properties of the Clan Ranald—the Lords of the Isles. The walls of their castle at Ormacleit are still in a state of fair preservation. In the eighteenth century South Uist was closely concerned with the start and the finish of the Jacobite rising of '45. It was at Eriskay, a mile or so to the south of South Uist, that Prince Charles Edward landed when he set out on his campaign to gain the English throne. A year later South Uist was the scene of his dramatic association with Flora MacDonald. His hopes were destroyed, his armies routed and he himself was a hunted wanderer, when he met Flora at her home at Milton. By means of her courage and ingenuity he was able to escape to France and safety.

But South Uist to-day is not content to live on its past. With 2,500 inhabitants, it is one of the most flourishing communities in the Hebrides, with good crofts and a number of thriving industries.

For the ornithologist, it is a refuge for the grey lag geese, the last large colony of these birds in the British Isles. And the many tourists who go there for holidays each year will certainly agree with one of the inhabitants who recently said: "Our island is a paradise, both for those who live on it and for those who visit it."

THE TYPICAL COUNTRYSIDE OF SOUTH UIST: This is the old Peat Road, near Ormacleit, on which the range-head for the proposed Government guided-missile range is to be situated. The proposal to establish a range for guided-missiles on South Uist, in the Outer Hebrides, has provoked much opposition, the local people believing that its establishment would mean they might have to leave their homes and that it would deal a blow to their current prosperity.

On left—

OVER THE SEA TO ERISKAY: Thrice weekly the mails are ferried from Ludaig, in South Uist, to Eriskay, which may be seen in the distance. Eriskay, south of South Uist, has strong associations with Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

CROFTER WOMEN OF SOUTH UIST: They are carrying bags of flour landed from a small boat near by. Most of the island's inhabitants are crofters in the fullest sense of the word. They are predominantly Roman Catholic.

THE HAMLET OF LINICLEIT, ON THE NEIGHBOURING ISLE OF BENBECULA: Typical homesteads on the island, which is linked with South Uist by means of a bridge built during the war. It has the local airstrip, also built during the war.

FOCAL POINTS ON THE RUGGED COUNTRYSIDE: *Left*—The inn at Pollachar, by the rocky shore at the southern end of South Uist, and, *on right*, the house at Milton, where Flora MacDonald was born. To-day, South Uist is one of the most prosperous communities in the Hebrides, with good crofts and a number of flourishing industries. Prominent among these is the seaweed industry, which during the past ten years has steadily expanded and paid £50,000 to crofters and full-time employees.

TOWARDS THE GREAT WHITE SOUTH

The Advance Party of the British Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition Leaves London on its 14,000-mile Voyage to the Ice of the Weddell Sea

BEFORE DEPARTING ON A 14,000-MILE VOYAGE : The M.V. *Theron* lies in Millwall Docks in London. Last week she left with the advance party of the British Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition, 1955-58. Its members plan to carry out the ambition of Shackleton and cross the Antarctic continent over the South Pole.

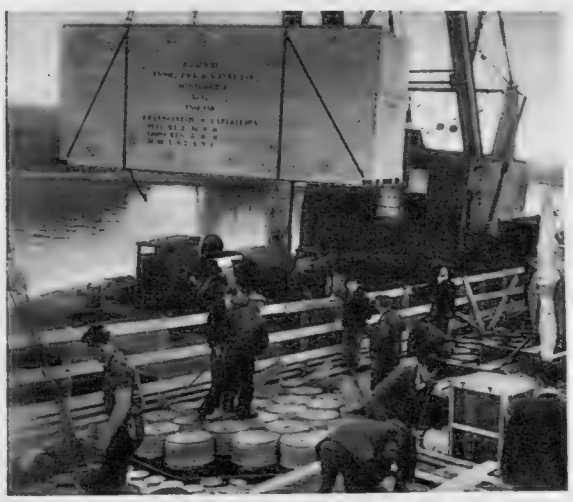
Antarctica has been aptly described as the "Unknown Continent," for the greater part of 5,000,000 square miles of ice and snow which surround the South Pole are unexplored. However, within the next two or three years considerable tracts may be charted. The British Commonwealth, the United States of America and the Soviet Union, among other nations, are all planning to send expeditions to the Great White South.

The British Commonwealth Expedition may be said to be the first in the field. Its advance party has already left London for Antarctica. Its ambition is to carry out the plan which Sir Ernest Shackleton first attempted, but failed to fulfil, thirty years ago. This is nothing less than a crossing of the South Pole starting from one side of the continent and finishing at the other. Dr. Vivian Fuchs' expedition, the advance party of which is now embarked in the Canadian sealer, the M.V. *Theron*, from London, has as its destination Vahsel Bay, in the Weddell Sea. In this area, from which Shackleton proposed to start his ill-fated journey, the expedition intends to set up its base camp. If all goes well a party will eventually leave from it and head for the Pole, where it should meet another party under Sir Edmund Hillary, coming up from McMurdo Sound, on the other side of the continent. When the two parties have met, they plan to go together back to McMurdo Sound, and the dream of the trans-Antarctic crossing will have become a reality.

MODERN TRANSPORT : A motor tractor is lifted aboard the *Theron* in London. The expedition is taking a number of vehicles to assist on the snow and ice.

THE HUSKIES GO ABOARD : Two of the twenty-four dogs which the expedition is taking are unloaded from a van at the docks before going on the *Theron*. The huskies will be protected from the sun by awnings on the decks during the voyage through unfamiliar tropical seas.

LOADING IS COMPLETED : The last load is dropped into *Theron*. On the deck are oil drums and an aircraft. In the packing case below the bridge is another aircraft. Representatives of the U.K. and Commonwealth Governments saw the ship sail.

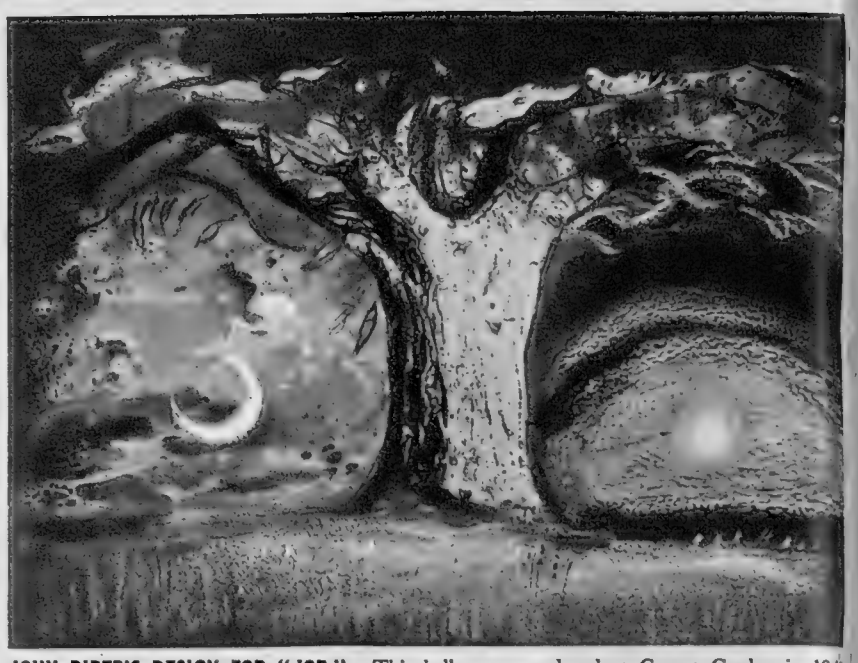


On left—

CARGO FOR THE WEDDELL SEA : One of the tracked "Sno-cat" vehicles is swung aboard *Theron* in its giant packing case. On the right, wrapped in its protective covering on the deck, is one of the expedition's aircraft.

"GOOD-BYE" FOR THREE YEARS : Some of the advance party of the 1955-58 Antarctic Expedition wave good-bye as the *Theron* leaves Millwall for the Great White South. Fifth from left is Dr. Fuchs, the expedition's leader.

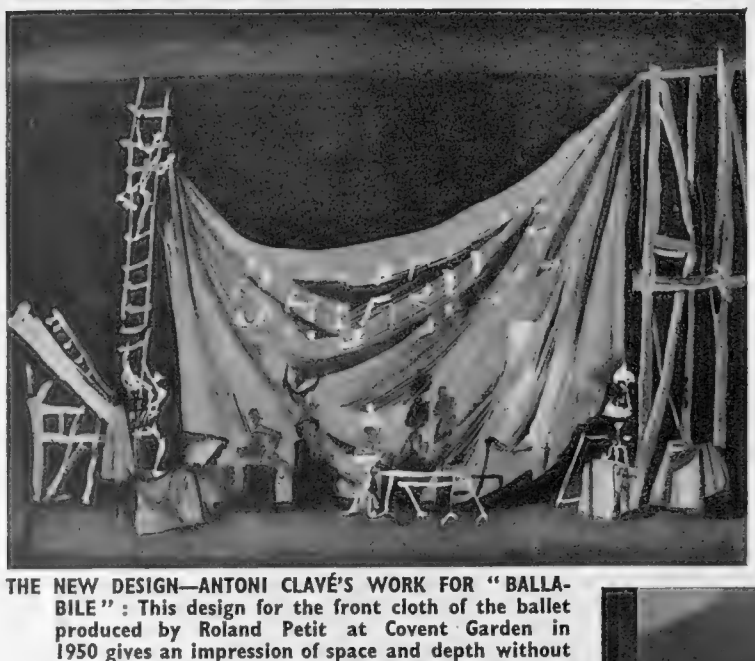
ONE OF THE EARLIEST VIC-WELLS BALLETS: *The Jackdaw and the Pigeons*, first performed on May 5, 1931. Music by Hugh Bradford, scenery and costumes by William Chappell, choreography by Ninette de Valois. From left are Joy Newton, Marie Nielson, Beatrice Appleyard, Joan Day, Ailne Phillips, Ninette de Valois, Sheila McCarthy, Nadina Newhouse and Gwyneth Matthews.



JOHN PIPER'S DESIGN FOR "JOB": This ballet was produced at Covent Garden in 1948, with music by Vaughan Williams and choreography by Ninette de Valois. John Piper has been responsible for the scenery and costumes of five Sadler's Wells productions, ranging from Ashton's production of *The Quest* in 1943, to John Cranko's *The Shadow* in 1953.

"GALA PERFORMANCE"

Twenty-Five Years of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, Recounted in a New Book, are Recalled by the Settings Produced for some of the Company's Productions



THE NEW DESIGN—ANTONI CLAVÉ'S WORK FOR "BALLABILE": This design for the front cloth of the ballet produced by Roland Petit at Covent Garden in 1950 gives an impression of space and depth without resorting to the traditional symbols of trees or colonnades. Clavé is a young designer from Paris.

THE WORK OF ONE OF SADLER'S WELLS' OUTSTANDING DESIGNERS—EDWARD BURRA'S FRONT CLOTH FOR "DON QUIXOTE": For this ballet, produced in 1950, this English painter produced scenery and costumes. Burra had already made his mark with the company with similar work for *Rio Grande* (1935), when aged thirty, *Barabau* (1936), *Miracle in the Gorbals* (1944) and *Don Juan* (1948).

On left—

SCENERY AND COSTUMES FOR "FAÇADE": Shelagh O'Reilly as the Debutante, and Stanley Holden as the Dago, in the tango scene of the Sitwell-Walton-Ashton ballet. This is the new decor designed by John Armstrong, who was also responsible for it when *Façade* was first produced in 1940.

"Gala Performance," published by Collins, price 42s., is a record of the Sadler's Wells Ballet over the twenty-five years of its existence. There is an introduction by Princess Margaret, and the book, which includes eight colour-plates, is edited by Arnold Haskell, Mark Bonham Carter and Michael Wood. The proceeds of the sale of "Gala Performance" will be devoted to an endowment for the Sadler's Wells School.

Throughout the world British Ballet and Sadler's Wells have become synonymous. The high esteem in which British productions are held to-day, wherever they are seen, and the inevitable success which seems to attend the efforts of the Sadler's Wells Company, makes it difficult to realise that the Wells ballet is only in its twenty-fifth year, and that its progress was chequered by a six-years world war.

When Diaghilev died in 1929 the bottom seemed to have fallen out of the world of ballet. Thereafter the stages of Europe were filled by numerous independent companies who still danced with all the skill imparted by the old masters, but whose spirit seemed somehow to have died. It was no time to launch out on a new venture in ballet, still less to make ambitious plans for the future.

Yet that precisely is what Ninette de Valois and a small band of gifted fanatics did in 1931. On May 15 of that year they performed the first full evening programme of ballet at the Sadler's Wells Theatre. Five pieces were performed that night, the choreography of each by Ninette de Valois, who danced the principal parts in three of them. Only three men trod the stage—Anton Dolin, Stanley Judson and Ivor Beddoes. The critics were not attracted to what was to prove a historic night for British ballet: Islington was too far out, and, anyway, was not the Russian Opera (and ballet) at the Lyceum?

That the faith of those early pioneers, and their artistic and financial backers, was amply rewarded is now commonplace, and is worthily recorded in the volume published last week. The world renown of such dancers as de Valois and Dolin, Helpmann and Ashton, Fonteyn, Shearer, Beryl Grey, Rowena Jackson, Michael Somes; and of such choreographers as de Valois, Ashton and Helpmann (again), Balanchine, Massine, Petit and Cranko bears eloquent witness to the success that the Sadler's Wells has achieved since 1931.

There are two forms of art, however, which have not only given their support to British ballet over the past twenty-five years, but have received, in return, inspiration and encouragement—the arts of music and painting. Among the modern British composers who have participated in this way with Sadler's Wells are Vaughan Williams, Walton, Bliss, John Ireland, Constant Lambert, Lennox Berkeley, Gavin Gordon, Lord Berners, Gordon Jacob, Malcolm Arnold, and Benjamin Britten. Among conductors, Constant Lambert and John Hollingsworth are pre-eminent.

The pictures on these pages, chiefly from photographs by Denis de Marney and J. W. Debenham, show the variety of talent that was harnessed for the design of scenery and costumes for Sadler's Wells. Designing for ballet is different from designing for the theatre or even the opera. For the one does not demand

On left—

"THE RAKE'S PROGRESS"—REX WHISTLER'S FRONT CLOTH AND COSTUMES: The characters stand in front of the original front cloth, which was lost in Holland in 1940, when the Sadler's Wells Company, touring the country with the ballet, had to flee before the German invasion. Rex Whistler was an outstanding theatrical designer as well as painter before the war, but his contribution to ballet scenery and costumes was very limited. Apart from *The Rake's Progress* (1935), his only other ballet work was *The Wise Virgins* (1940). The promise of Whistler's undoubted ability in this field, also shown in his designs for the *Marriage of Figaro* at Covent Garden, and for *Victoria Regina*, in New York and London, was to remain unfulfilled. He was killed in action in Normandy in 1944, aged thirty-nine.

Below—

OSBERT LANCASTER'S SETTINGS FOR "PINEAPPLE POLL": In the first scene of this ballet, which is freely adapted from W. S. Gilbert's Bab Ballad "The Bumboat Woman's Story," Captain Belaye, of H.M.S. *Hot Cross Bun*, appears to be torn 'twixt love and duty. This production, in March 1951, marked Osbert Lancaster's debut as a designer for the Sadler's Wells Company.

A BALLET OF 1937—"WEDDING BOUQUET": Mary Honer and Robert Helpmann, as bride and bridegroom, are in the centre of the group, against a backcloth by Lord Berners, who also composed the music.

harmony with the music, while the other lays less stress on the claims of movement.

It does not therefore follow that the artist who has succeeded in one of these art forms will be equally successful in another. Nor that a great or successful painter will win similar renown on the stage. While the transition from the comparatively small stage at Sadler's Wells to the open spaces at Covent Garden made new demands on the techniques of even the established designers for ballet.

Nevertheless, Sadler's Wells has enabled audiences to assess the range and ingenuity of designers of all types, and with a variety of experience. The designers range from such established ballet professionals as William Chappell, John Armstrong, Leslie Hurry and Sophie Fedorovitch to such comparative novices as Picasso (*The Three-Cornered Hat*), E. McKnight Kauffer (*Checkmate*) and Graham Sutherland (*Wanderer*). Then there is a whole range of painting exemplified by such designers as Oliver Messel and Cecil Beaton, Rex Whistler and Osbert Lancaster, John Piper and Edward Burra, Antoni Clavé and Alexandre Benois, Roger Furse and Christian Berard. And all brooded over by the genius of Bakst, who designed for Diaghilev.

When all is said and done, every ballet story begins and ends with Diaghilev. "Gala Performance" is a success story which recounts how the world of ballet, which seemed to have collapsed in 1929, was slowly and often painfully built up, by British artists, to its present stature. But in the true tradition of Diaghilev, the contributors to the book, without exception, point out present-day weaknesses, and suggest improvements. It is that constant striving after perfection that brings continued success in ballet.

A CONTEMPORARY ARTIST AT WORK ON A CLASSICAL BALLET: Osbert Lancaster's design for Act I of the 1954 Covent Garden production of *Coppelia* by Ninette de Valois. Since the war there have been three productions of this classic ballet by the Sadler's Wells Company, the other designers being William Chappell and Loudon Sainthill.

THE NEW NORTH PIER AT GREAT YARMOUTH : Looking from the partly completed pier, one can see some of the great damage done by the floods of 1953 and the gales of last year. The huge blocks of concrete (on the left), each of which weighs 90 tons, remain tipped over. The Port and Haven Commissioners have appealed for financial help for the very extensive repairs which have to be carried out. Built in 1780, the harbour has often been described as the finest on the East Coast.

REPAIRS AT YARMOUTH

Major Reconstruction is Being Undertaken on the Finest Harbour on the East Coast of England

THE RAVAGE OF GALES : A crane on the North Pier lifts a portion of distorted piling which has been cut out by a diver from the supports damaged by heavy seas.

PART OF A 375-FT.-LONG STRUCTURE : Work is going ahead on the North Pier, which will project 375 ft. into the sea with a warning light at the seaward end. Construction should be finished next month.

THE NEW DEFENCE AGAINST THE ELEMENTS : Strong new piles have been placed into position at the side of the pier and should withstand the fiercest tempest. Each pile drops 27 ft. below the sea. In the foreground are some of the concrete blocks which were tossed into a heap by gales in recent years.

DAMAGED PILES ARE CUT : An oxy-electric cutter is being used on some of the old piles buckled by the force of storms. In the background is the South Pier, on which repair work has not yet begun.

Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, is an old and attractive port. Not the least of its attractions is the harbour, which does a thriving trade. In the year ending March 25 last, 1,145 ships entered its anchorages, 445 of them proceeding to Norwich and other places up-river.

Until recently the harbour, familiar to thousands of visitors each year, has changed little from the days when it was constructed with two piers—North and South—in 1780. Two years ago after the heavy floods, steel piling was erected round the old timber pier on the north side. But many of these piles were buckled and otherwise damaged by the great gales of last year. As a result a new North Pier is now taking shape.

It will project 375 ft. into the sea, and carry a warning light at the seaward end. Part of its equipment will be mooring bollards which will be of assistance to any ship getting into difficulties while entering the harbour. Around the sides of the pier over 2,000 piles, each 50 ft. in length, have been driven 27 ft. into the sea. They have been tied by steel rods and backed with concrete so that they should be able to withstand the full fury of the north-east gales. The top of the pier is being surfaced with tarmac to make a public promenade along it.

This major reconstruction should be finished next month. The work is being done by the London firm of civil engineers, A. E. Farr. But repairs have still to start on Yarmouth's other pier, the South Pier, which has been gravely weakened by storms and has been closed to the public for the past twelve months. Also much remains to be done inside the harbour. Here one can see massive 90-ton concrete blocks which have been tipped over by the wind and the sea. Also around the harbour lie piles of other heavy debris which has been tossed lightly about by the elements.

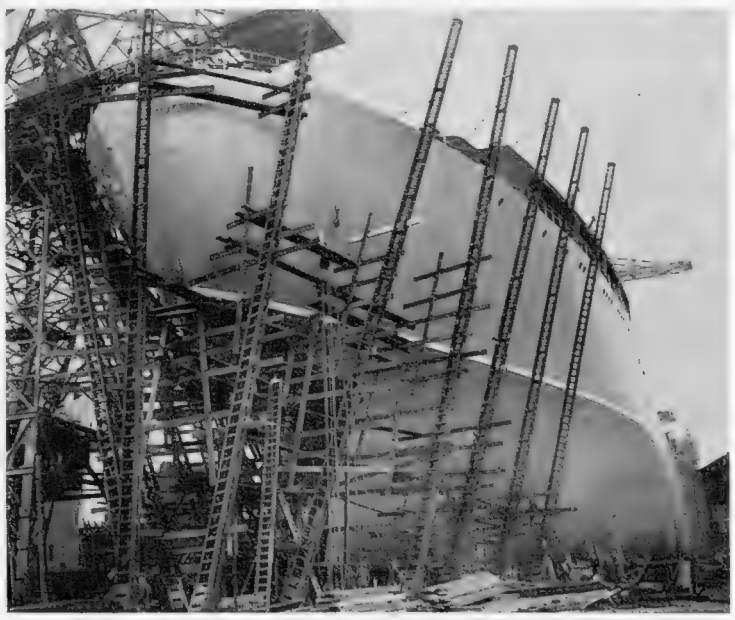
An appeal to other towns using the River Yare and its harbour at Great Yarmouth has been made by the Port and Haven Commissioners in their efforts to raise the considerable sums of money required for all these very necessary repairs. Great Yarmouth Council are guaranteeing a loan of £144,000 by the Public Works Loan Board.

In planning the reconstruction work, the authorities concerned have to bear in mind the proud reputation of Great Yarmouth as the finest harbour on the East Coast. And behind the harbour are the many historic buildings of this distinguished town which was named Great by Royal command in 1272.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST TANKER ON THE STOCKS : Work goes ahead on the S.T. *Spyros Niarchos*, 47,750 deadweight tons, which is to be launched from the Barrow-in-Furness yard of Vickers-Armstrongs on December 2. She is the largest merchant ship to be built in Britain since the war and is the ninth of the first group of ten tankers ordered from Vickers-Armstrongs by Mr. Stavros S. Niarchos. The naming ceremony will be performed by Lady Weeks, wife of the Chairman of Vickers Limited. *Spyros Niarchos*, which will have an overall length of 757 ft., will be used in the carriage of crude oil from the Persian Gulf to United Kingdom ports. Her cargo of crude oil, when refined into motor spirit, would enable an 8-h.p. car to travel as far as the sun and back. Over half her original cargo of crude would still remain for manufacture into other products. The ship will be powered by high-pressure, high-temperature turbine engines and conform to the highest standards for shipping in Britain and the U.S.A. The hull of the last of the present group of orders is under construction nearby, and will be launched early next year.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST TANKER

S.T. "Spyros Niarchos" is Made Ready for her Launching Next Month at the Vickers-Armstrongs Yard at Barrow-in-Furness



THE HUGE DECK AND MASSIVE STERN OF THE NEW TANKER : These two pictures give some idea of the tremendous size of the ship. She is only 115 ft. shorter than the Houses of Parliament. The present group of orders placed with Vickers-Armstrongs exceeds 300,000 deadweight tons, and will have cost over £13,000,000. Names of the earlier ships launched from the Vickers yards are *World Harmony*, *World Enterprise*, *World Concord*, *World Unity*, *Saxonmead*, *Saxonglen*, *Saxondale* and *Saxonglade*.

The Home News in Pictures

ROYAL DUTY AND PLEASURE

The Queen and Her Family on Various Occasions; Preparing for Christmas; and Other Recent Events

THE QUEEN IS ENTERTAINED INFORMALLY BY THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR : Her Majesty is escorted by Mr. Winthrop Aldrich into the Ambassador's private residence, Winfield House, in Regent's Park, London. On this occasion, which was informal, the Queen was accompanied by the Queen Mother and by Princess Margaret. All the Royal party danced until the early hours of the morning. The guests from America included Mr. Henry Ford.

AN APOSTOLIC DELEGATE IN EDINBURGH : Archbishop Gerald P. O'Hara walks down the steps into the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Mary, in the capital of Scotland. On both sides of the steps is a guard of honour of Boy Scouts. The Archbishop, who is Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain, was making his first visit to Scotland. He went to celebrate a pontifical Mass in St. Mary's.

THIS MODERN AGE DESTROYS AN ANCIENT MONUMENT : The famous old Market Cross in the Sussex village of Alfriston, near Eastbourne, is seen knocked into pieces. This unfortunate mishap occurred when a lorry backed into it. Alfriston is mentioned in the Domesday Book and the Cross has been an attraction to generations of visitors. During the First World War it was damaged but later restored.

A ROYAL VISIT TO AN OLD PEOPLE'S WELFARE ASSOCIATION : Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is shown by Father Groser a monument in the cloisters of the Royal Foundation of St. Katherine in Stepney, East London. On the right is the Bishop of London. Her Majesty also saw the Chapter House and the Chapel, which are adjoining the cloisters of this ancient Royal Foundation, originally founded as a hospital in 1148. Then she visited the club for the old age pensioners of Stepney, which is housed in the St. Katherine's buildings.

AT THE "SUNDAY TIMES" BOOK EXHIBITION : The Queen Mother walks round some of the stands in the Festival Hall, on the South Bank of the Thames, during her visit to the Exhibition, which closes next Monday. Many thousands of books from some 150 firms are on view and the whole is a remarkable demonstration of British publishing. Famous writers have been lecturing daily.

SIR JOHN HUNT PRESENTS AWARDS TO YOUNG ENGINEERS : The Leader of the Everest Expedition speaks at Stafford before presenting awards to students and apprentices of the English Electric Company. Seated, from the left, are : Mr. E. G. Carwardine, Education Superintendent, Stafford ; Mr. A. Reader, Works Manager, Stafford ; Mr. A. Tokington, the Principal of Stafford Technical College ; Lady Hunt ; Mr. J. R. Sully, General Manager, Stafford ; Mr. B. J. Tams, Chief of Education and Personnel ; Alderman H. H. Cogland, the Mayor of Stafford ; Mrs. J. R. Sully ; Mr. J. K. Brown, Director of Research ; and Mr. J. M. Ferguson, Chief Engineer, Stafford. Sir John presented 400 awards, in the form of vouchers to be spent on books, tools or instruments. He spoke to his audience in the Borough Hall of Stafford for the thirteenth Annual Apprentice Presentation, on the need to prepare for the future "spiritually as well as technically."

THE CHURCH ASSEMBLY IN SESSION : The National Assembly of the Church of England starts its autumn session in Church House, Westminster. Presiding (on the right) is the Archbishop of Canterbury. Among subjects discussed were finance (especially in relation to pensions for deaconesses and lay workers and grants for cathedrals) and the evangelisation of young people. An interesting debate turned on the question of the disqualification of laymen from being elected as churchwardens or other church officers. Five grounds of disqualification, including four arising from Matrimonial Causes, were agreed (subject to the discretion of the Diocesan concerned). The Church Assembly, composed of prelates, priests and laity, has the right to propose ecclesiastical legislation to Parliament.

A CANADIAN MINISTER AT DOWNING STREET : Mr. Lester Pearson (on the left), the Minister for External Affairs of Canada, stands outside No. 10 with Sir Anthony Eden. In the centre is Mr. Norman Robertson, the High Commissioner for Canada in London. Mr. Pearson was concluding a world tour by calling on the British Prime Minister. He had arrived by air from Paris after a series of foreign visits which had also included stops in Moscow, Singapore, India, Pakistan and Egypt.

"CHRISTMAS IS COMING" : An annual carnival procession takes place along the front at Bournemouth. The giant turkey, Christmas pudding and Christmas cake carried by their costumed bearers are reminders that the Christmas shopping season has opened in the seaside town.

SANTA CLAUS IS WELCOMED TO EDINBURGH : The familiar bearded figure in his red robes and bearing his sack of gifts descends a "golden ladder" to the crowd waiting expectantly below. This dramatic entrance "from the clouds" marked the opening of the Christmas season at one of the big department stores of Edinburgh. So many people gathered to watch Santa Claus come to earth that traffic in the nearby streets was held up for some time.

A FAMOUS ANTARCTIC SHIP OPEN TO THE PUBLIC : The cabin in Captain Scott's famous research ship, H.M.S. *Discovery*, contains numerous interesting relics of Antarctic exploration and a portrait of the great explorer. *On right*—In the wardroom another portrait of Scott is on the table. Above the doors of the cabins leading out are painted the names of some of his immortal associates in polar exploration. The first door on the left bears the inscription "Shackleton." *Discovery*, which made two epic voyages to Antarctica early in this century, is now moored in the Thames off the Victoria Embankment, in London, and has recently been opened to the public.

A LAND TEST FOR UNDERWATER WEAPONS

The New Laboratory for Underwater Hydrodynamic Research at Teddington, Middlesex

In recent years basic research in aid of the design of bodies travelling under water has been comparatively small when compared with the intensive programme in the sister field of aerodynamics in aircraft design. With a view to remedying this deficiency the Admiralty decided in 1948 to provide the necessary facilities at the Admiralty Research Laboratory, Teddington. Work on the buildings actually began in 1951 and the plant was in a running condition by August 1954, in time for an Anglo-American Conference on Underwater Ballistics.

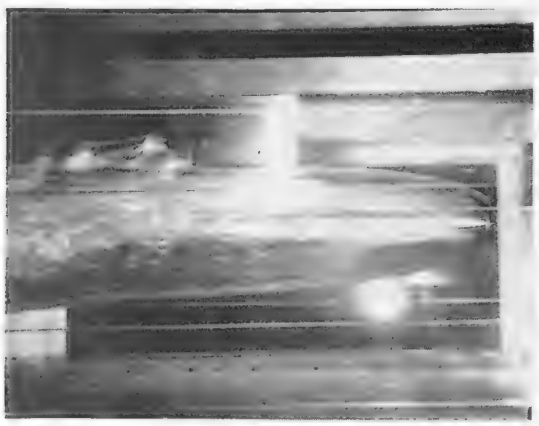
The most spectacular of the new equipment at Teddington, the like of which does not exist anywhere else in the world, is a 60-ton rotating beam and annular channel which has been designed to investigate the behaviour of bodies moving at high speed under water. In addition, there are two water tunnels which are analogous to the wind tunnels used in the aeronautical field for investigating the fundamental behaviour of aircraft, and a glass-sided water-entry tank for investigating the problem of the entry of missiles from the air into the water.

The massive rotating beam is housed in a structure of contemporary design roofed by a dome approximately 160 ft. in diameter. Over 1,000,000 gallons of water fill the annular channel, and this is specially treated to enable high-speed photography to be carried out during the test. There are also two large underwater observation chambers fitted with windows. Models are placed at each end of the beam and they are run round the channel at a depth of 5 ft. The maximum speed of the beam is approximately one rotation every two seconds, giving a speed to the models of approximately 90 knots at a radius of 50 ft., and 100 knots at 55 ft.

The two water tunnels, which are the equivalent of the wind tunnel, consist of water in a closed circuit capable of being pumped at various speeds past models fixed in the working section. The larger of the two tunnels has a jet diameter of 30 ins.; the speed in the working section is continuously variable up to 35 knots, and the pressure at the model can be varied from about 2 lb. per sq. in. to about 45 lb. per sq. in. It is essential in experiments of this kind to keep the water free of bubbles.

Many underwater weapons start their run in air and then have to enter the water at speed and continue their trajectory under water. As this inevitably raises several problems, especially in the water entry phase, a new model water-entry tank has also been constructed at Teddington. It has been designed to examine the behaviour of 2-in.-diameter models which are fired from a slotted cylinder catapult mounted at one end of the tank. The catapult is fired by compressed air and can project the models into the tank at speeds of up to 180 knots corresponding to about 570 knots full scale.

ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT EXPERIMENTING MACHINES IN THE NEW ADMIRALTY RESEARCH LABORATORY, TEDDINGTON, MIDDLESEX: *Above* and *on left*—The massive rotating beam, with a span of 122 ft., which revolves above a circular water tank and which is designed to test the behaviour of weapons moving at high speeds under water. Test models supported on a specially-designed strut attached to each end of the beam are run round the channel at a depth of 5 ft. Instruments in the models record details of their performance as they rush through the water at speeds which can reach 100 knots. The models can be up to 20 ft. long.

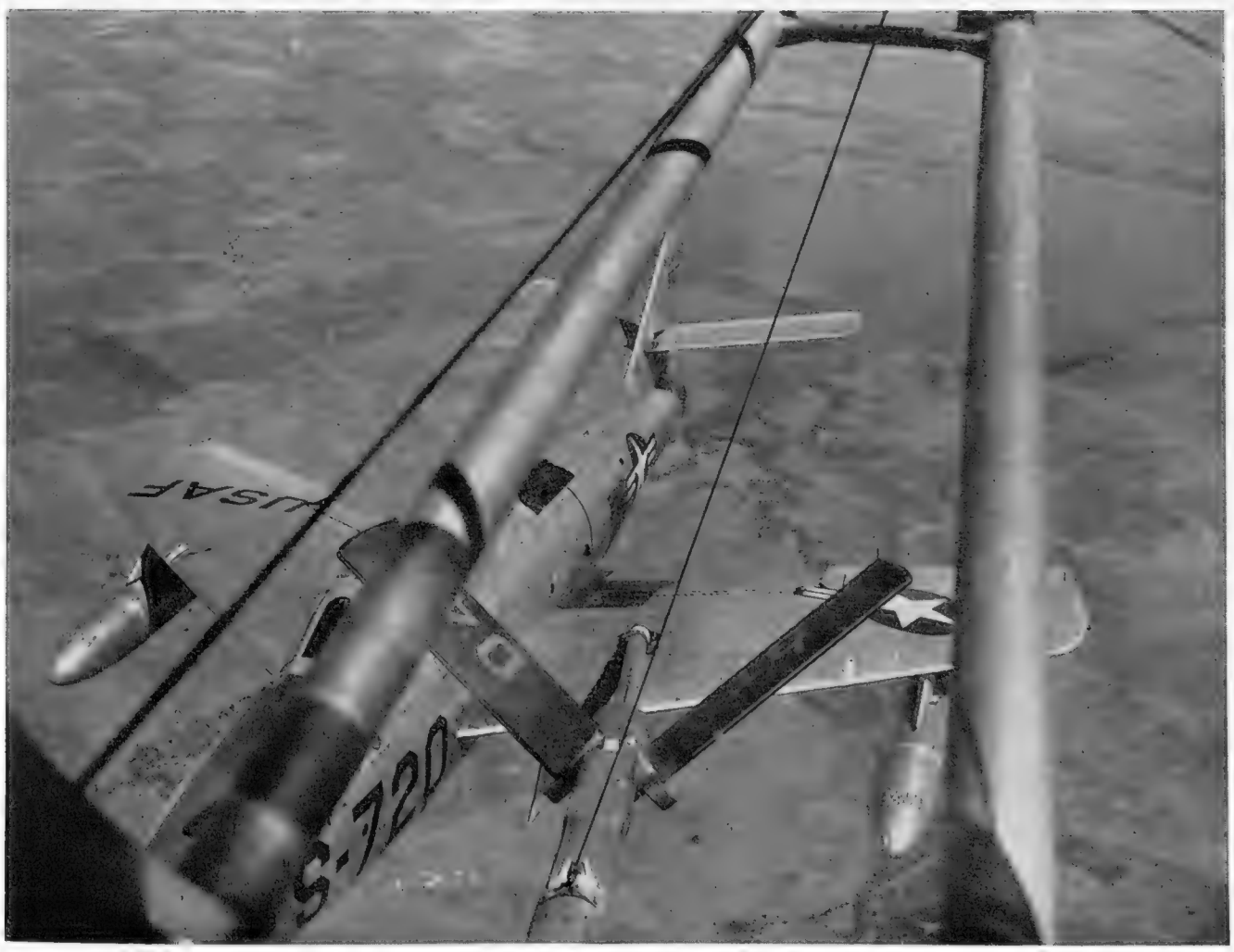


AN EXPERIMENT IN THE HIGH-WIND TUNNEL: Water is swirled at speed against a weapon which remains stationary; only the water moves. The models can be subjected to pressures up to 45 lb. per sq. in.

THE MODEL WATER-ENTRY TANK: It has been designed to examine the behaviour of 2-in. diameter models fired from a slotted cylinder catapult.

A TORPEDO IS PREPARED FOR A TEST: A "frogman-scientist" makes adjustments to a torpedo under water in the 15-ft.-deep tank. The picture was taken through one of the observation windows surrounding the tank. Work on the new laboratory at Teddington began in 1951 and the total cost has been about £1,000,000. The design and execution of the buildings, heavy plant and engineering services were carried out by the Chief Architect's and Chief Engineer's Divisions of the Ministry of Works. The main contractor was Richard Costain Ltd.

A THUNDERSTREAK IS REFUELLED IN MID-AIR DURING AN EXERCISE : The pipe has been let down from the tail of a KB-29 refueller to the wing of the F-84F turbo-jet Thunderstreak fighter. The system of refuelling from the "tanker" to the wing of the refuelled aircraft allows for greater control than the method of tail-to-nose, generally used up to now. This picture and the others on this page were taken above Louisiana during the United States Air Force exercise "Sagebrush."



THREE STAGES IN THE REFUELLING OPERATION : *Above*—The Thunderstreak is below the tail of the KB-29. The drop has started of the refuelling pipe, with its wing, which is attached for better aiming. *On left, above*—The fighter is approaching the refueller. *On left, below*—The pipe has gone home. The Thunderstreak is taking in fuel through the wing and is thus increasing its range very considerably.

REFUELLING IN THE AIR

A Fighter's Tanks are Replenished During a U.S. Air Force Exercise

It is some thirty years since Sir Alan Cobham began pioneering in the idea of refuelling aircraft in flight. To-day the system is accepted by all progressive air forces. As the pictures on this page show, the United States Air Force has lately been testing, in an exercise, a method which should add much to the efficiency of fighters. What is especially interesting about the relationship between the KB-29 aerial "tanker" and the turbo-jet Thunderstreak is that the recipient takes in its fuel through the wing. The conventional idea of mid-air refuelling is tail-to-nose. But there is little doubt that the wing method of pumping gives a much steadier control from the refueller. The Thunderstreak, which has a combat range of some 1,000 miles at 650 m.p.h., can now greatly increase the distance which it can fly without the necessity of landing.

NEW MODELS; VETERANS, AND RALLIES

Mr. Henry Ford Talks about Ford Shares for Sale, and Hints at New Models; the "Old Crocks" and the Helicopter; a Run in a Bentley "S" Series; Looking Ahead to Monte Carlo

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

RUMOURS that the Ford Motor Company have some new models on the stocks were confirmed in London the other night by no less a person than Mr. Henry Ford II. Aged thirty-seven and grandson of the man who brought motoring to the masses, Mr. Ford was on a brief visit to England to check up on the progress being made with the British Ford Company's £65,000,000 expansion scheme.

At a Press reception at Claridge's Hotel he was closely questioned about the recent decision to make Ford stock available to the public for the first time. He said it was due to the fact that the Ford Foundation, the philanthropic body which holds 88 per cent. of all Ford shares, feels it a duty to spread its investment risks wider. But Mr. Ford hastened to add that this did not imply any lack of confidence in the continuing prosperity of the U.S. automobile industry!

He said very little about the new British Fords, apart from hinting that they are on the way. They will probably be replacements of the Consul and Zephyr models.

The Brighton Run for veteran cars, organised by the R.A.C. with the help of the Veteran Car Club of Great Britain, was again a huge success. It is estimated by the police and R.A.C. officials that 2,500,000 people turned out to watch the parade of "old crocks," yet the old cars—none less than fifty years old—got through more easily than for some years.

The spluttering, coughing, wheezing old cars were baulked on hills and at traffic bottlenecks much less frequently than usual. There were a number of reasons for this. The earlier start helped. The first cars away left Hyde Park at 7.30 a.m. instead of half-past eight, with the result that many spectators did not reach their vantage points on the Brighton Road until much later in the event than usual.

For the first time, too, the R.A.C. used a helicopter to help with the traffic control. It took off from Gatwick and flew low up and down the Brighton Road looking for traffic trouble spots and radioing details to police and R.A.C. officers on the ground. It was the Club's first air patrol and may set the pattern for traffic control on Bank Holidays and on other special occasions. The hoverplane, a Westland, was flown by a Westland test pilot. With him went R.A.C. Patrolman Arthur Isherwood (with the special red wings of an R.A.C. air patrol on his shoulder) and Sergeant John Chandler, of the Surrey Constabulary.

I had a chat with the pilot at Brighton, where the helicopter landed near the Palace Pier. He said the traffic was most congested at the Redhill cross-roads and at Povey Cross. On one occasion he put his hoverplane down on the grass alongside the road to give a traffic message to a patrol not equipped with radio.

Full marks to the R.A.C. for carrying out this experiment. It could have important results for day-to-day motoring.

The police were again magnificent. With great good humour they marshalled the spectators' cars with tender regard for the difficulties of handling some of the veteran cars, and they allowed the old crocks to break many traffic rules in order to speed them on their way.

Twenty members of the Metropolitan Police Force took a day off in order to help the R.A.C. with traffic control. They patrolled the Brighton Road on motor-cycles lent for the occasion by the B.S.A. Company. All these things added up to an orderly, accident-free trial with a minimum of inconvenience to those members of the motoring public who weren't interested in the Veteran Run, anyway.

Which was just as well, for I understand that after last year's hold-ups and accidents (one fatal) the police were getting a bit worried about this annual cavalcade of motoring history. There was even talk of its being discontinued unless something could be done to improve traffic control.

It was a fine day, with dry roads, and most of the old crocks had trouble-free runs. Of the 194 starters, only seven failed to get to Brighton in the generous time allowed; and no one was disqualified for going too fast. Oldest cars in the Run were the 1896 Arnold dogcart of Mr. Edward Colver, Stubbington, Hants, and the 1896 Benz of Mr. Lewis Lewis-Evans, a racing driver, of Welling, Kent. Both these cars got through without much difficulty.

ANCIENT AND MODERN MEET ON THE ROAD TO BRIGHTON: An airborne patrol hovers over the Brighton Road, looking for traffic trouble spots, and in time to see a 1900 Martini (15 h.p.) overtake a 1902 Century tandem (5 h.p.) during the London to Brighton Veteran Car run. The helicopter was provided by the R.A.C. and aboard were a senior R.A.C. patrolman, and a Surrey police sergeant.

From these wonderful old cars let's jump to the present and talk about one of the most luxurious cars of the present day: the Bentley "S" Series. I had the use of one for the week-end recently, and the enjoyable runs I made in it confirmed all the favourable impressions formed after a short spell at the wheel at the time the new Bentley was announced.

This successor to the Mark VI Bentley is a fine motor-car. With its sumptuous interior lay-out, its superb springing and ride control, its automatic gear-box (fitted as standard), its improved steering and the smooth, quiet power of its 4,887 cc., 6-cylinder engine, the Bentley "S" Series is a car in the best traditions of the famous Rolls-Royce Company.

Here is a 100-m.p.h. car with vivid acceleration, remarkably little wind noise when cruising at 80, brakes that match the car's high cruising speeds and the looks of an aristocrat. You can get up to 50 m.p.h. in just over ten seconds from a standing start and she takes only twenty-eight seconds to reach 80. The car has two S.U. carburetters, fine hide upholstery and polished woodwork on facia and doors that is a delight to the eye. I liked the little pull-out table under the dash and the fold-down picnic tables fitted to the back of the front seats.

The Bentley "S" Series does about 15 m.p.g., but I don't suppose petrol consumption enters very largely into one's consideration of things when buying a car for £4,943 (£1,648 of which is purchase tax).

Before we know where we are the Monte Carlo Rally will be with us again. It starts on January 15 and the R.A.C. has just announced the names of the motorists to whom they have allocated places in the rally.

Once again the number of places allowed to Britain (95, the same as France) was greatly over-subscribed. Looking down the list of those chosen, I see some well-known rally names. Here are a few of them: Miss Sheila Van Damm (whose last rally it will be before retiring from motor sport), Sidney Allard (Allard), Bill Banks (Bristol), Chief Superintendent John Gott, of the Hertfordshire Police (Austin), Ken Wharton (Austin), Mrs. Nancy Mitchell (M.G.), Gerry Burgess (Austin), Leslie Brooke (Standard), Frank Grounds (Jaguar), Cuth Harrison (Ford), Jack Kemsley (Ford), Peter Bolton (Standard), Ken Richardson (Standard), Peter Harper (Sunbeam) and Mike Couper (Austin).

Winner of the Motor Cycling Club's annual national car rally, which finished at Hastings, was Mr. S. P. A. Freeman, of Ilford, Essex. His car was a 1937 M.G. and he had Mr. L. C. Eversden as his co-driver.

The ladies' prize went to Miss Angela Palfrey (Morgan), who started from Kenilworth, with Miss Aileen Jervis as her co-driver. The rally was a great success. The M.C.C. ran it on their own this year, without newspaper or other sponsorship except prize money given by the *Daily Mirror*. There were nearly 200 starters from London, Kenilworth, Taunton, Cardiff, Norwich, Glasgow and Manchester.

The de luxe scooters of to-day are so close to being cars-on-wheels that I make no excuse for bringing them into these notes. These badly-named runabouts are having a big vogue just now, and there are many who say they may eventually take the place of the roadster-type motor-cycle altogether.

There was a wide range of scooters at the Motor Cycle Show at Earls Court, and the most interesting of all was the B.S.A. Beeza. Entry of this big motor-cycle firm into the scooter field is an event of great significance. The British motor-cycle industry has lagged behind its Continental rivals in catering for the big demand for scooters and mopeds (the powered bicycles with special frames which are so popular on the Continent).

Now, however, British manufacturers are beginning to hit back. They have a lot of leeway to make up, for foreign-designed scooters like the Vespa, Lambretta and Zundapp have established quite a niche for themselves in the British market. Praise be, therefore, that the big Hercules cycle firm has brought out a fine new moped—their first motorised bicycle of any kind—to compete with the foreign invaders. By the middle of next year they hope to be building their Grey Wolf at the rate of 1,000 a week.

These mopeds provide fantastically cheap personal transport with their petrol consumption of 150–200 miles to the gallon. They cost, with tax, between £50 and £75. The new B.S.A. Beeza scooter, which has a 200 cc. four-stroke engine and shaft drive, costs just over £200, and does over 100 m.p.g.. The new B.S.A. Dandy (a 70-cc. two-stroke "baby" scooter costing about £75) should also do well.

Mr. Graham Lyon, pioneer in Britain of the motel movement, has just opened his third motel in Devon—on the Exeter by-pass, only a mile or two from the city centre. Like Mr. Lyons' earlier motels at Newingreen (Kent) and Ower (in the New Forest), the new establishment is fully licensed. Each sleeping apartment is self-contained and has a private bathroom or shower. Most of them have a garage attached.

Now that the season of fogs (and mellow fruitfulness) is upon us, motorists would do well to heed a warning issued by the Ministry of Transport. "During fog, or when fog is likely, we strongly advise motorists in all parts of the country to avoid parking on roads," a Ministry official stated.

He also reminded London motorists that although the parking light regulations in the London area were relaxed on September 21 last they should remember that they are still not allowed to park cars without lights on bus and trolley-bus routes.

THE FORTIETH SCOTTISH MOTOR EXHIBITION: A general view of the cars on show in the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow. The show was opened by Lord Strathclyde, Minister of State, Scottish Office, and was sponsored by the Scottish Motor Trade Association. This annual exhibition is a dealers', as distinct from a manufacturers', show.

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THE ROADWAY WHICH WILL PROVIDE A NEW APPROACH FOR TRAFFIC TO LONDON'S WEST END : This view westwards shows the progress being made at Hammersmith. In the foreground is Hammersmith Bridge Road which the dual carriageway will cross to link up with Cromwell Road. *Below*—The road passes Hammersmith Town Hall, on left.

THE CROMWELL ROAD EXTENSION

Work is Proceeding on the West London Road Scheme at the Hammersmith End

The pictures on this page show the progress that has already been made on the Cromwell Road extension. This project will provide a wide and clear approach for traffic from the Great West Road to the West End by effecting a direct link with Cromwell Road, in Kensington. It will do much to relieve the present heavily congested road through Kensington, and its cost will be comparatively small, since the work involves, for some of the way, a mere widening of an existing road, Cedars Road. Though the Cromwell Road extension will do much to alleviate traffic congestion in West London, it will bring with it problems of its own, notably congestion at Hammersmith. When the scheme was originally approved in 1948 there were plans for a fly-over at Hammersmith to cope with this situation, but the London County Council has allowed this project to lapse. Their share of the estimated cost of £1,000,000 would have been only a quarter, but the Council has decided the fly-over is not necessary. The Minister of Transport, in a Parliamentary reply last week, expressed the view that the fly-over would have to be built eventually, but he was anxious that the road plan alone should not be held up, so he has complied with the strong views of the London County Council.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A GREAT AND LONELY HERO

The Story of Captain Durrani, G.C.; Hannibal's Elephants; Scotland in the Seventeenth Century; "The Screwball's Boswell"; A Dramatic Critic's Opinions; Romances, Thrillers and other New Novels

THE story of Captain Mahmood Khan Durrani is one of great and lonely heroism. As a serving officer in the India States Forces he fought not only the Japanese and the I.N.A., but later many less tangible opponents, in neglect and mistrust. He was hideously tortured without revealing a word of his fantastically brave and ingenious plans for preventing the Japanese from infiltrating spies into India. He resisted to the end, and to his final liberation. To-day he is still permanently affected in health, still bears the marks of physical torture. One of the most moving photographs in Captain Durrani's book, THE SIXTH COLUMN (Cassell. 21s.), is that of Field-Marshal Lord Wavell reaching up to pin the George Cross, the only one given to a living Indian, on the uniform of this immensely tall, gaunt and perfectly accoutred hero.

Anyone who has passed through the elementary stages of Latin must remember those elephants of Hannibal's that figured so monotonously (to the unscholarly) in the campaigns whose records they were forced to study and, limpingly, translate. Now Sir Gavin de Beer, F.R.S., has performed a masterly piece of detective work some 2,000 years after the event and, in APES AND ELEPHANTS (Bles. 10s. 6d.), determined the actual route that Hannibal followed with them. "The greatest general the world has ever seen," in the author's opinion, made his way *elephantibus* from Aigues Mortes, on the Mediterranean, by Arles and north to the River Drôme, and then east through mountain passes and over the River Durance down to the plain of the Po, near Turin. A scholarly and fascinating little book which I wish we had all had by us in our youths to enliven those Latin sessions.

SCOTLAND UNDER CHARLES I (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.) is a parallel study to David Mathew's memorable book, *The Age of Charles I*, which treated of England. This new volume gives a picture, clear and balanced, of the opposition to King Charles in the north, and a survey of the differences between the English and the Scottish Presbyterians. Dr. Mathew has to an admirable degree the cool, objective, enquiring mind of the true historian.

Mr. H. Allen Smith is an American writer and phenomenon. Some of his wittier bits have now been gathered into an anthology by Mr. Bergen Evans, who also writes the introduction to "the screwball's Boswell," as he has been called. THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND H. ALLEN SMITH (Arthur Barker. 16s.) is a pretty funny book. Since there is no explaining or even recommending a form of humour, I will only quote from one of Mr. Smith's generous allusions to other funny fellows. He had been asking Mr. Stephen Potter whether he were aware that all Shakespeare's work had been written by the Earl of Oxford. "Probably true," replied Mr. Potter, with what I consider splendid sangfroid. "So many of the old beliefs are being shattered. I have it on good authority that a small coloured boy wrote the poems of Walt Whitman."

FIT FOR A BISHOP (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) is a kind of cookbook, containing a good deal of sound advice, some plain speaking about garlic (pro) and veal (con), and a number of recipes of which I had tried two within twenty-four hours of reading it. Since Mr. Stephen Lister is the author, the book is consistently practical and often hilarious.

Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P., like many another successful Canadian, has been constantly in the employ of Lord Beaverbrook, some of whose newspapers he has edited. In the one which appears in the evening he has "covered" the theatre and latterly the cinema. His theatrical pieces are collected in FIRST NIGHTS AND FOOTLIGHTS (Hutchinson. 21s.), and to it he brings that touch of iconoclasm which delights the mass circulation addicts. In three separate notices Sir Beverley pleads: "Please Keep It Shorter, Mr. Ustinov"; "Really, Mr. Ustinov, This Will Never Do," and "No!" which also refers to a play of Peter Ustinov's. From which you will gather that Sir B. does not approve of Mr. U.

Vitality is a splendid and enviable quality, and the novels from England and America this week seem to demonstrate that there are plenty of writers with plenty of it. Mrs. Anne Piper, for instance, who has written a gay and sometimes moving novel, THE HOT YEAR (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), about a girl who is sent out to India by one of the Ministries towards the end of the war, falls in and out of love, copes with prickly heat, snakes, sardonic Other Ranks and hill stations, and retains an innocent gift for landing herself in highly unconventional situations. Funny and charming.

ONE OF LONDON'S BEST KNOWN CHURCHES: St. John's Wood Church is a landmark to all who approach Lord's Cricket Ground. This drawing of the tetrastyle portico by Dennis Flanders is one of the illustrations in *St. John's Wood Church 1814-1955*, by John Oliver and Peter Bradshaw. The book combines scholarship with style. Dealing with the history of the district of St. John's Wood, as well as that of the church, it is a valuable addition to the records of London. (Copies are obtainable from The Vicar, St. John's House, London, N.W.8, at the price of 6s. 6d., post free. Profits from the sale of the book are being given to the organ fund of the church.)

THE LADY IN THE TOWER (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.) has its bright moments too, and a highly original central character who is a middle-aged dilettante, languidly occupied in compiling a dictionary of Victorian artists, and attending auction sales of bric-a-brac. Mr. John Symonds, who once wrote a biography of Aleister Crowley, writes with detachment rather than passion about his hero's affairs of the heart, and the result is an odd, amusing and slightly cynical tale.

Not so Miss Barbara Goolden's novel, BREAD TO THE WISE (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.), which is as solemn as a tract in its purpose, though written with ease and humanity. Judy is a precocious child, almost twelve, whose mother is divorced and about to re-marry in a whirl that leaves her little time for her daughter. They share a flat with another young woman who takes Judy's problems more seriously. When Miss Goolden is writing about children she is at her best, but the contrasts she makes between the two women's apprehension of love are sometimes a little heavy-footed.

Nelia Gardner White also writes about the torments and tests of love in THE THORN TREE (Constable. 13s. 6d.), although here the story is of a beautiful widow existing in a state of shock since the sudden death of her husband, and how she returns to normal life. Excellent New York and New England settings.

The next novels take us abroad, the first to Cologne where members of a family, evacuated from the bunkers under the cathedral, are growing up and fighting for survival in their different ways. A HOUSE ON THE RHINE (Hart-Davis. 15s.) is written with understanding and compassion, and Miss Frances Faviell's work might be described as kindly realism.

A ROSE FOR MARIANNE (Cassell. 15s.) is the saga of a French family through three generations and three wars, and the English family from Cornwall, who are connected with them by marriage. Mr. F. T. Giles, a Cornishman, and veteran of the First World War, married a Frenchwoman in 1922, and has spent much time in France since then. In consequence, he can write not only with authority but with a warm affection of the "treasure house" that is France outside Paris.

THE GRAY CAPTAIN (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) is a story of the American Civil War. A Confederate commander, too old at sixty, sticks to the remnants of his company through pride and loyalty. Jere Wheelwright has avoided easy sentimentality and re-created an atmosphere of exhaustion, danger and constant courage.

Mr. Don Tracy has given us a brisk, faintly transatlantic version of the court of Queen Elizabeth in TUDOR RENEGADE (Constable. 13s. 6d.), with fine ships sailing to the New World, and Drake and Raleigh (the latter known familiarly as "Walt") in the full flush of their power and pride.

In the world of crime there are two new Simenon titles, MAIGRET AND THE BURGHER'S WIFE (Hamish Hamilton. 9s. 6d.), and A SENSE OF GUILT (Hamish Hamilton. 9s. 6d.), which includes two short novels, but they are not concerned with my favourite in the Paris Police. For that reason I preferred the first book, in which Maigret is his omniscient and imperturbable self and, again as usual, a human being so complete that it is more and more difficult to believe that he exists only on paper.

THE STORY OF THE ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS 1939-1945 *covers every activity of the Corps during the Second World War and every campaign and expedition from Burma to Berlin. This profusely illustrated volume, which includes a Roll of Honour and an immense amount of information, is published, under the direction of the Institution of the R.A.S.C., by G. Bell. It costs 45s.*

An informative reference book for the gramophone enthusiast is the completely new edition of **THE RECORD GUIDE** (Collins. 35s.). *Compiled by Edward Sackville-West and Desmond Shawe-Taylor, with Andrew Porter and William Mann, it is arranged alphabetically under composers, with details of many special recordings.*

There is also a new edition of **THE WEEK-END BOOK** (Reinhardt-Nonesuch Press. 15s.), *edited by Sir Francis Meynell, with former features revised. There are six new sections.*

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" STORIES (Elek. 15s.) *contains twenty stories from the weekly American journal.*

SURVEYOR-GENERAL TO THE WORLD

Another Massive Volume by John Gunther

In so far as one man can focus his mind with advantage on the affairs of a whole wide Continent, John Gunther has a very special contribution to make. His grasp is astonishing, as he has already shown us in his massive contributions upon Europe, Asia, Latin America and the United States. Now, like a journalistic Colossus, Mr. Gunther bestrides Africa, and here perhaps he has more explosive material to hand than ever he was able to find elsewhere. Men like Strijdom, Nasser, Nkrumah, Haile Selassie and Kenyatta loom large in this great, sweeping survey. It is easy enough to understand why in many places, notably Nigeria, Mr. Gunther's advent was treated as a matter for concern. For the feeling was uppermost in the local mind that the hustling stranger from America could not really know their true problems, even if he could in quick time get to grips with the facts. That, indeed, must always be the criticism of this surveyor-general to the world; he cannot possibly have the time to digest the full implications of all that he sees and hears, but none the less his accomplishment is extraordinary, and his fact-finding well-nigh faultless. INSIDE AFRICA (Hamish Hamilton. 30s.) covers close on 1,000 pages, and like all John Gunther's works, reflects a writer who looks on mankind's problems with a broad, large-hearted humanity.

"To George Macaulay Trevelyan, O.M., who for more than fifty years has maintained the tradition that history is literature," runs the dedication of STUDIES IN SOCIAL HISTORY (Longmans. 21s.). Eight historians have combined to pay tribute to Trevelyan by writing short studies of subjects in which they are acknowledged experts. Among them are A. L. Rowse, who writes on Nicholas Roscarrock; W. G. Hoskins, who presents the picture of an Elizabethan town; and Wallace Notestein, who takes as his theme the Englishwoman, 1580 to 1650. The editor of this graceful, erudite tribute is J. H. Plumb, who also contributes an essay on The Walpoles, Father and Son. Wisely, the usual type of *Festschrift* has been avoided. To have presented our most readable historian with a massive monument of unreadability would indeed have been graceless, says Mr. Plumb. He and his co-authors, in the steps of Trevelyan himself, are deeply concerned with the realities of human existence, the poetry of history, and therein beyond doubt lies the true glory of the Trevelyan technique.

D. J. Enright, Professor of English Literature at a Japanese university, has written, after his first eighteen months in that land, an initial appraisal of life in Japan. These are candidly first impressions, before their strangeness has given place to habitual acceptance. But it is extraordinary how detailed these impressions are and how great is Mr. Enright's range. THE WORLD OF DEW (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is in no sense confined to academic subjects. Whether he is writing on the realism of modern Japanese poetry or the by-play of the hostesses in Tokyo bars, he does so with ease and confidence. Let us hope that Mr. Enright's sojourn in Japan will be long, for surely upon him is falling the mantle of Lafcadio Hearn, that Professor of English in Tokyo University who in Victorian times wrote with such singular acuteness and charm upon the people, manners, customs and spirit of his adopted land.

Cecil Beaton is one of those men of infinite courage and resource who have made an American lecture tour and done the rounds of the ladies' clubs. He calls his account of those experiences IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 16s.). The tour also provided him with much hard work and some truly hilarious interludes. Mr. Beaton found the variety of the American scene most diverting, and was struck, as so many travellers before him, by its clearly-defined sectionalism. Milwaukee, with its atmosphere of "pigs' feet and sauerkraut, knockwurst and lederhosen," surprised him in particular. Every street he found proclaimed South German *gemütlichkeit*, and almost any restaurant was decorated in the Olde Bavarian manner. Mr. Beaton's ability to impart in these pages the full flavour of his American experiences is a delight.

In THE SCROLLS FROM THE DEAD SEA (W. H. Allen. 10s. 6d.) Edmund Wilson has written a valuable account of what is now regarded as the greatest Biblical discovery of modern times. The scrolls, found a few years ago by a Bedouin goat-herd, ante-date the oldest existing Hebrew Biblical manuscript by over 1,000 years. Scholars agree on the authenticity of the scrolls, but they are sharply divided as to their true interpretation. Mr. Wilson's examination of the problem is an excellent piece of close and careful reasoning.

Herbert Wendt presents in popular form the story of man's search for his ancestors. He calls his book I LOOKED FOR ADAM (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.), and in a series of fascinating chapters he introduces us to the philosophers, the scientists, the explorers and writers who have played their part in this frustrating but fascinating piece of long-term detection.

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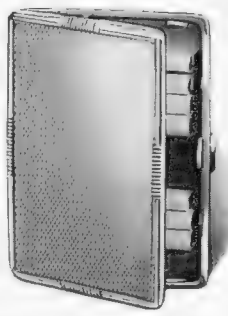

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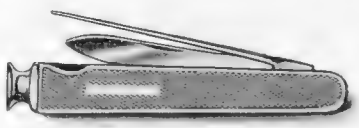

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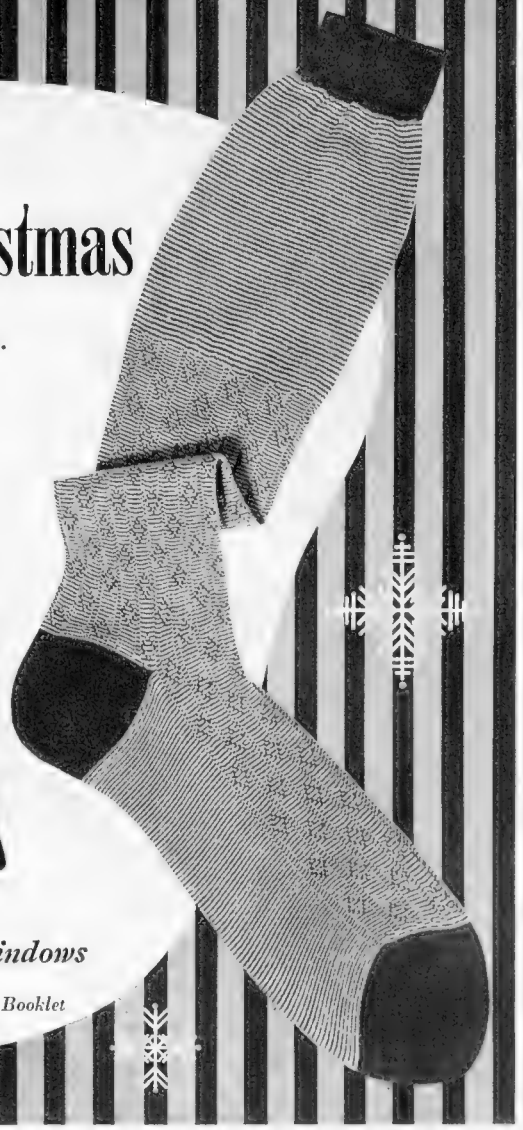

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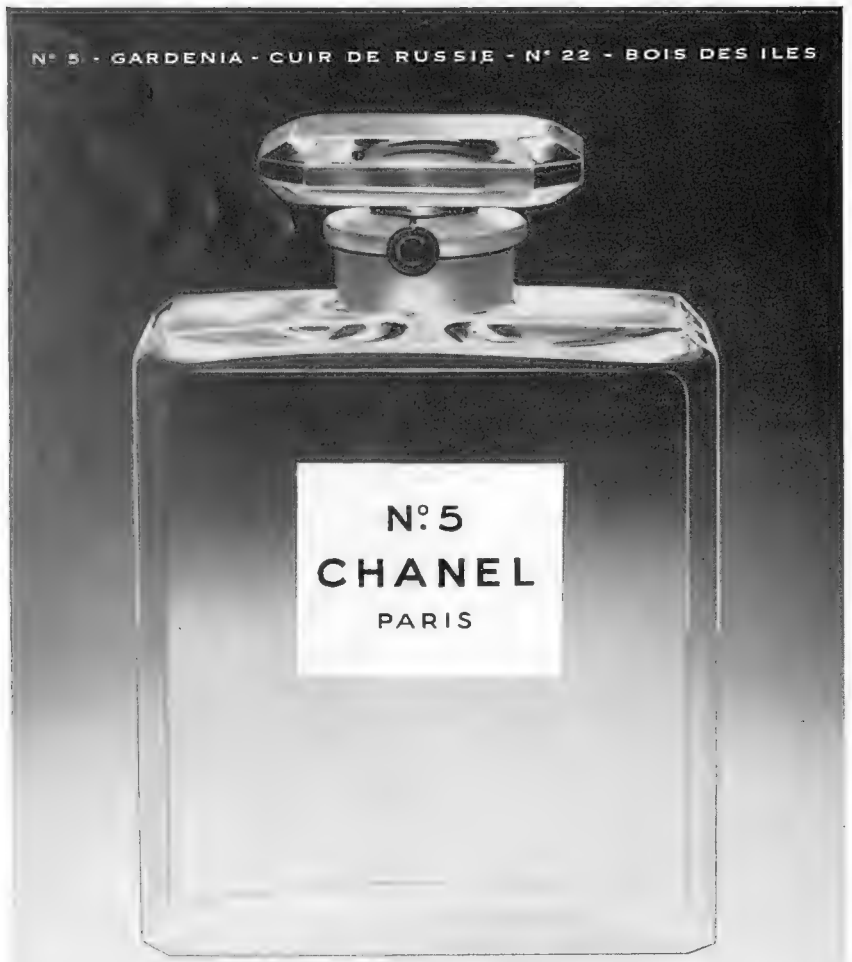

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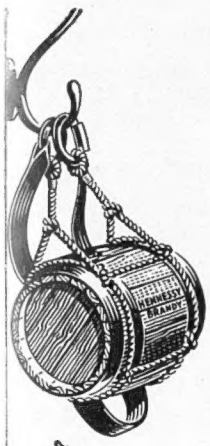

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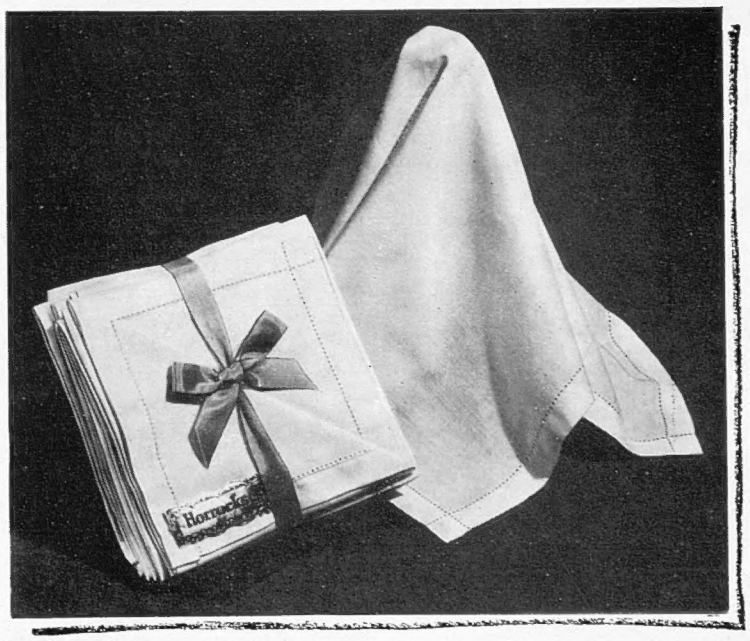

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

CHRISTMAS planning is in full swing, and what a form of "General Post" it is. For instance, a correspondent living in Haslemere wants to take his family to Scotland for the New Year (I have explained that the New Year is *the* festive season in Scotland). Then a gentleman in London, aged eighty-one, is gathering his family around him and wants to know of an hotel, "not too lively," where they can meet, about mid-way between Edgware, King's Lynn and Grantham. As games master, my difficulty is not suggesting suitable hotels, but to see that the pastime does not develop into a wild goose chase, for so many hotels are already fully booked.

Most overseas visitors ask for an hotel where they can experience a traditional English Christmas, and to such I suggest that their best choice would be a country house type of hotel where Christmas is run on house party lines. For example, the Manor House, in the picturesque village of Castle Combe, in Wiltshire, would be ideal. Here, visitors will be able to enjoy an old-fashioned Christmas night with gala dinner, Father Christmas, charades, etc., and the party will go to the Boxing Day meet of the Beaufort Hunt and, of course, to the pantomime in Bath. An hotel where I can almost guarantee an absence of snow and frost and the probability of warm sunshine is the Wide Sea Hotel at Downderry, Torpoint, in Cornwall, best reached by train to Plymouth. Here there will be no organised entertainment, but the spirit of Christmas will be well maintained. Those who wish to spend their Christmas in warmth, comfort and the surety of good food and quietude should try the St. Ermin's Hotel, Caxton Street, London, SW.1.

Other hotels which still have a few vacancies are :—**The Montrose Hotel—Malvern, with a children's party, Christmas tree and evening party on Christmas Day. St. George's Hotel—Llandudno, Christmas programme and a New Year's Eve gala dinner and dance. Buckland-Tout-Saints—Kingsbridge, run on house party lines. Pratt's Hotel—Bath, film show after dinner on Boxing Day. Chequers Hotel—Pulborough, fifteenth-century inn, nothing organised, traditional fare. Seagulls Hotel—Exmouth, with a dinner and party for all ages and treasure hunt. Broomhill—Muddiford, by Exmoor, a small country home with no organised entertainment. Pengethley Hotel—near Ross-on-Wye, Father Christmas, children's party and cocktail party on Christmas Day, dance on Boxing Day. Belmont Hotel—Sidmouth, for a quiet Christmas. Shap Wells Hotel—Shap, with country house hospitality. Harbour Heights Hotel—near Bournemouth, excellent fare, no set programme, ideal for golf. Royal Gate House Hotel—Tenby, a popular Pembrokeshire hotel, gay party atmosphere. Gara Rock Hotel—near Salcombe, for families with children of all ages, parties and tree. Llansantffraed Court—near Abergavenny, Christmas entertainment and traditional Boxing Day dance. Woodside Hotel—Aberdour, Fife, buffet dance on the 30th. Stratton House Hotel—Cirencester, conjurer and entertainer, good Christmas fare, easily accessible by train.**

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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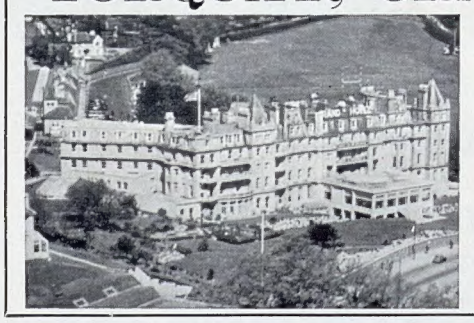
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